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The Week

AT a moment when Bavaria struggles under a régime of assassination and terror, when the Ruhr district is still in the grip of a strike that more nearly resembles a revolution, when Hungary, considered the most firmly integrated section of Central Europe, is facing a "communist revolution," and martial law has been proclaimed in Budapest, there seems to be small encouragement for a serious or hopeful consideration of the progress of the German National Assembly at Weimar. One is tempted to lose faith in the security of laws and parliaments; it is so easy to kill and so many men have learned the lesson that life is cheap. Yet underneath the terror and the cheap solution of problems by bullets, there are evidences that a few people still are thinking and consulting and making honest efforts to create a reign of order on a new and democratic basis. It is worth recording that an extremely liberal Constitution for the German republic has passed its second reading in the Weimar Assembly; that a coalition Cabinet of seven Socialists, three Democrats, and three Centrists has been elected; that Herr Ebert, almost without opposition, has been chosen President. The Austrian National Assembly sent to the Assembly at Weimar a manifesto greeting the new German republic and expressing the strong desire of German Austria to become "united with the mother country." Whether order actually emerges lies largely in the unsafe hands of the Supreme War Council and the peace conference. If hunger and a hopeless economic future are to be the lot of the German people, if the desires of German Austria are to be frustrated, if a crushing indemnity and the annexation of her richest land are all that Germany may expect, then the hope of order need no longer be entertained.

THE Russian news is puzzling. We are told that the Allies are formulating a new policy; at the same time the various anti-Bolshevik factions, after much righteous protest against meeting with murderers and robbers, are discovering that they can after all participate in the Prinkipo conference. Does this mean that some new plan is being hatched for making war on Soviet Russia or starving it out? We are informed, also, that our troops are to be withdrawn from the Archangel district—and the first step is the sending of American engineer reinforcements, who, it is said, are to build a railway connecting Archangel with Murmansk. What for? The best authority on Russian railway affairs in the United States assures us that such a road probably cannot be built until May, when Archangel will be open anyway. But why delay evacuation until May in any case? The Soviet Government has several times asked on what terms the war can be ended. It is perfectly possible to come to an understanding and get permission to withdraw the troops over the Russian railways via Vologda-Zwanka-Murmansk. Despite the crippled condition of the Russian roads the soldiers could be out in two or three weeks. The American people, if we are not mistaken, and the British as well, are heartily tired of shuffling and evasions about Russia. Does or does not our Government honestly intend to get out of Archangel? And what about the Siberian railway swindle? The way to withdraw from Russia is to withdraw.

THE sincerity of our professions of internationalism is tested from time to time in uncomfortable fashion. We have heard much of freedom of the seas and internationalization of waterways, and Great Britain and the United States are to be leading partners in a league of nations to bring about these among other desirable results. Yet we are now informed from Paris that the principle of internationalization does not apply to the Suez and Panama Canals because each of them runs through only a single country. Was ever more arrant hypocrisy? They carry the trade of the world, and we control them; therefore we will not internationalize them. What manner of men are these that are planning the league? "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

SENATOR BORAH has been meeting with some not undeserved criticism for the truculence of his refusal to dine with the President to talk over the league of nations plan. The form of his declination is unfortunate, but the principle of refusing to be bound by the confidences and amenities of a social occasion is sound. Senator Fall has now joined him, apparently putting his refusal on the correct ground. The trouble with Senator Fall is that he wants no league because at bottom he desires to see the United States free to make war on Mexico whenever his constituents demand it, and he thinks that the league plan might be a hindrance. That is typical of much of the opposition; many are against the plan, not because it is not good enough, but because they think it is too good. We are the most powerful nation on earth, and we propose to be left free to do as we righteously please—such is their position. Whatever the motives underlying the action of the Senators, however, they are right on the principle of the President's dinner. We have already had a deal too much secret diplomacy, and even the present pusillanimous Congress ought scarcely to permit its extension from Paris to Washington. The people ought to know exactly what is involved in the proposed plan, what are the reasons for its being in its present form instead of a better one, and what are the arguments for and against it. Then we may get intelligent action—or are we to understand that these matters again are too high for the people, and must be settled over the dinner table by their rulers, who can then go forth and go through the motions of democratic government?

ONE of the most sensible comments we have seen on the league of nations is that made by William Kohn, chairman of the American Labor party in New York:

> The American Labor party gives resolute support to President Wilson's fourteen points and a real league of nations. The draft which the President is bringing from Europe may be the best he could wring from the diplomats, but it falls short of what labor everywhere expects. While others grasp for trade and terri-

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tory and punitive indemnities, labor keeps its mind on the only object worth talking about—there must be no more war. That result cannot be obtained by halfway measures. We demand honest self-determination in Ireland as well as in all disputed territories. We demand honest disarmament. We want the open-door policy everywhere, open discussion and open trade. We will not help to guarantee any imperialist peace. At the same time we shall oppose with all our might the jingoes like Senators Poindexter, Reed, and Lodge, who want isolation, conscription, and conquest. As between them and Wilson we are for Wilson, but we are not behind Wilson. We are a long way ahead of him. That is sound doctrine, and has our unqualified support.

A KIND of informal "mandatory" seems to have been served on the United States with reference to the regulation of Mexican affairs. At least, so the Paris dispatches interpret the formation of an international committee of bankers to protect the holders of Mexican securities. Some in this country, notably the New York *World*, see in the creation of this committee an indication that the Carranza Government is ready to compromise its constitutional principle of the nationalization of land and natural resources in order to get outside relief for its financial difficulties. This may be, though we see nothing in the circumstances to suggest it. Again, it may be that the committee intends to devise some way of easing its constituents out whole, without violence to this or any other principle of the Mexican Government. This is the view of the situation that we should like to take. It may be, finally, that the committee is but an instrument of old-fashioned Palmerstonism and will devote itself to the doctrine that "the flag follows the investor." In that case, it might not be a bad thing for the American people to have a sample of the new "mandatory" system at hand for close inspection.

THE House Committee on Ways and Means deserves commendation for its decision to issue the April Liberty Loan in short-term notes, maturing in from one to five years, rather than in bonds of distant maturity. The saddling of huge interest payments on our children for a war which we ourselves have enjoyed has already gone far enough, and we do not yet know what the children are going to think about it. The House Committee's plan proposes to continue discrimination in favor of the immediate beneficiaries of the war as against their children, however, by allowing the issue of one class of notes exempt from all taxation except estate or inheritance taxes, and by exempting none of the proposed four classes from such taxes. While this question was being determined in the House Committee, the Senate was discussing the low price of Liberty Bonds. Senator Lodge went so far as to tell his fellow solons that it was difficult to keep up prices because all issues had been sold at more than their market value. Now that the war is over, truth telling is gradually resuming its popularity, but what about the millions of small investors who were successfully urged to buy Liberty Bonds as a good investment?

ONE of the worst things about delegated government is that it is almost a specific for converting everybody's business into nobody's. The American people has, or shortly will have, on its hands a merchant fleet of some fourteen million tons, and no one seems to know or care what becomes of it. About half the ships under the American flag are owned by the Government; what shall the Government do with them? Shall it continue to own and operate them, rent them out on some plan of leasehold, combine with private interests, sell them, or see them rust at anchor? We have had abundant notice served by rate-cuts and otherwise that the shipowners of Great Britain look with extreme disfavor upon any ambition we might have to cut a figure in the ocean-carrying trade. This matter, indeed, is what the Scotch call a "kittle point" in existing inter-Ally relations. The fact, for instance, that England and the United States have ships to capture German trade, while France has none, is largely responsible for French insistance on the stupid and suicidal policy of the blockade and the senseless procrastination over final terms of peace. The shipping situation is one of the most dangerous and delicate that confront us; it is loaded to the muzzle with the most disquieting possibilities. If the Government were to sell its ships outright under the hammer, to the highest bidder, it would at least remove one element of danger from the situation.

THE course of deportation proceedings during the past week has served to justify abundantly our protest against the character of our deportation laws, which open the door wide to the tyranny of minor administrative officials, and our demand for information as to how the laws are being enforced. The Department of Labor, to its credit be it said, has given facilities for full investigation to the attorneys who have interested themselves in the group of men recently sent to Ellis Island; the allegations of the brief that has been prepared will come as a shock to those who have not followed the legal course of industrial warfare during recent years. Meanwhile a curious by-product of the present mania of "know-nothingism" has reached us in the form of "An Open Letter to the Foreign Wage Workers of the United States," which comes to us in a plain envelope from a western city. We have no means of determining its authenticity, and lay it before our readers only as an interesting example of the strange topsy-turviness of our present situation. It reads in part as follows:

> Again we are confronted with hard times and a long period of unemployment. . . . Men of foreign birth have been denied employment on account of their nationality. . . . We are denied the opportunity to earn a living, we are not allowed to return to the land from which we came. What are we going to do about it? Thousands of men have been refused passports, hundreds are held in jail all over the country for deportation, most of them are men of Allied and neutral countries who have been held for months. . . . Comrades and fellow workers, let us demand to be deported. . . . Think this over, speak to your friends about it, hold meetings, let us all get together regardless of nationality and demand Deportation.

WE are happy to learn that there is one public official in the United States who has some conception of how to deal with the prevailing unrest. His unusual perspicacity may be due to the fact that he makes a living by farming, not politics. In any case, we are glad to hear a sensible word from anyone in responsible public position. Governor Frazier, of North Dakota, in accepting appointment to the Board of Governors for a nation-wide campaign against anarchy, writes thus:

> I have your telegram notifying me that I have been appointed on the Board of Governors for a nation-wide campaign to be launched against every manifestation of anarchy and to safeguard American liberties, American labor, American homes, and American schools, and wish to assure you that I am in hearty

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sympathy with the announced aims of your organization. Here in North Dakota we believe the best protection against revolution is to assist rather than retard evolution, and in this State it is the intention of the Administration to remove discontent and prevent disorder by remedying the legitimate economic complaints of the people instead of trying to stamp out just grievances. As a consequence we have a contented citizenry in North Dakota, which believes in upholding our Government and achieving political progress by orderly and constitutional methods. . . . Personally, I feel that Bolshevism is not the only peril to this country. In my opinion the spirit of Bourbonism is even more threatening to the security of our institutions, for, scanning back through history, it seems to me that Bourbonism always precedes and is the cause of Bolshevism.

Governor Frazier promises to be an interesting member of this particular Board of Governors.

A SUGGESTIVE contrast with Governor Frazier's programme is offered in the message of that temporary hero of those who have and hold, Mayor Hanson of Seattle, who writes to the trust company section of the American Bankers' Association, meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria:

Your duty and my duty and the duty of every patriotic American citizen is, first, to stop the influx of antagonistic aliens; second, to demand the passage of a law whereby the aliens now in this country are compelled to register their addresses and re-register with each change of address; third, to enact national laws making the I. W. W. and kindred organizations outlaws; fourth, to encourage in every manner possible public work of all kinds in city, State, and nation.

Mayor Hanson is not for standing still, however:

Conditions and times are rapidly changing. We must recognize these changes and prepare for them. . . . Let us uphold our Government, its Constitution, and its ideals, but let us march forward a little each day.

Let us march forward a little—but not too much! But what does Mayor Hanson propose if events refuse to keep step with our measured tread, and insist on rushing along in advance? This promises to be a pretty uncertain world in the years just ahead of us, and unless we have read history in vain, Governor Frazier's spirit and method not only accord better with American tradition, but promise more for the things Americans hold dear than do the ideas of his Seattle contemporary.

IN view of the proposal of the American railway brotherhoods that the management of the railways be put into the hands of the employees, it is of interest to note that a similar movement is under way in other countries. The demand of the British National Union of Railwaymen for the taking over of the railways, together with the miners' sharp insistence on nationalization of the mines, is the very centre of political and industrial upheaval in Great Britain. In Italy, the Union of Railwaymen is already represented on the consultative state board of management. A recent conference of this great union passed resolutions demanding decentralization of railway control, the appointment of the staff for technical competence, and the direct cooperation of the employees in the administration. These demands are aimed, it is declared, not solely to advance the interest of the workers, but to increase the efficiency of the industry.

THE expected crop of veteran-preference bills is springing up and growing rapidly to maturity. One of the most vicious that has yet come to our attention was reported in the Massachusetts Senate on February 10, and promptly passed by that body. It suspends the provisions of the civil service laws "in so far as they impose restrictions upon employment in the service of the commonwealth, or of any county, town, or district thereof," for a period extending to July 1, 1920. Up to that time any applicant who has served "to the credit of this commonwealth in the military, naval, or marine forces of the United States in the German war" "shall in all cases where an appointment is to be made be entitled to appointment in said employment if, in the opinion of the employing officer, board, or commission, he possesses the necessary qualifications." If such a law can be passed in Massachusetts, what will happen in the rest of the country? There is indeed no truce in the eternal war for a decent civil service, and there can be none so long as public office continues to be looked on as a reward for service performed, and so long as it remains in fact an agency for handing out favors to citizens. The source of these endless raids on the civil service lies deeper than in any mere defects in the machinery of government. It lies really in the blindness, wilful or other, of our civic conscience. It is to be hoped that eventually, and by bitter experience, the citizens of this country and their representatives in national and State legislative bodies, will learn that the most ruinous method of rewarding its servants is to do so at the expense of the public service.

IF the proposed new charter for Memphis, Tenn., which a committee of citizens, acting under the expert guidance of Professor A. R. Hatton, of Western Reserve University, has just completed, becomes a law, Memphis will substitute for its present commission government a city manager, and at the same time will materially increase the control which the voters may exercise over both the personnel and the conduct of the municipal administration. The members of the new council of twelve, which it is proposed shall replace the present commission of five, are to be nominated by petition and elected on a non-partisan ballot, and will be subject to recall. The right of the voters to initiate ordinances, and to demand a referendum on ordinances passed by the council, is reserved. The city manager, who may not be chosen from the council, is to be selected "solely on the basis of his executive and administrative qualifications," and need not be, when chosen, an inhabitant of either the city or the State. Subject to such organization of departments, among them finance and law, as is provided for by the charter itself or which may be established by the council, the manager is made the chief executive officer of the city; and while he is declared to be responsible to the council for the proper performance of his duties, and may be removed for cause, his term of office is unlimited, his control of appointments is practically complete, and interference by the council is expressly forbidden. Provision is also made for the creation of a civil service board and a city planning board, and for the acquisition and operation by the city, at its discretion, of all local public utilities. The framers of the new charter believe that they have devised a plan under which a scientific budget system, a control of franchises and bond issues, the abolition of political influence in municipal appointments and removals, and the fixing of responsibility upon the council as a body instead of dividing it among individual members, will be insured. The city-manager system of municipal government has not been fairly tried out, and the fate of this proposal will be watched with great interest.

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Is Mr. Wilson Deceived?

THE conditions of the new armistice are now being formulated and are expected to be ready for presentation to Germany within a few days. Their terms have not been officially published, but, according to information presumably from French sources, they are to be more severe than the terms now in force. Press reports say that they will include such items as the dismantling of border fortifications, Allied supervision of the armament plants at Essen, abandonment of conscription, and certain restrictions on military training which carry a reminder of the restrictions imposed by Napoleon on the Prussians in the days of Scharnhorst. The object of this is to reduce Germany, as one correspondent puts it, "from a position of menace and danger to a position in which she can demonstrate her good faith in her present protestations of reform."

Meanwhile the blockade goes on; the Central Powers are forbidden the resumption of that commerce with the outside world which alone can rehabilitate their industrial life, reëstablish their responsibility, solvency, and contentment, and raise them from the position of international wards and paupers to the status of a profitable market. It is high time to ask whether President Wilson is aware of the immensely unfavorable reaction of this policy upon the industrial life of the nations which are giving tacit consent to its maintenance? Is he so wholly taken up with the superficial and external memoranda of international politics that he can not perceive the enormous detriment and disability put upon Allied reconstruction by the maintenance of this purblind policy? What, one may ask, is the use of spending all this time over the draft of an inter-Allied treaty and expounding the theory of a new political alignment, so long as the entire practical direction of European affairs is handed over *carte blanche* to the French military authorities? As long ago as the first week in January, the London *Observer* said:

> The Allies are in some danger of precipitating in Germany what they should most wish to avoid. They are perfectly entitled to insist upon the disbandment of the army. They are also perfectly entitled to maintain the full rigor of the blockade. But simultaneously to empty millions of men into civilian life and to exclude the raw materials which alone can give them employment, is the most rapid process for making Bolshevists that has yet been discovered. Unemployment and Bolshevism soon establish a vicious circle of mutual stimulation, and it has already begun to operate in Germany upon a very serious scale. Nothing could be more calculated in that country to frustrate the appearance of an authentic Government with whom peace might be concluded.

The *Manchester Guardian* of January 30, in an energetic editorial under the caption "Blockade, Bolshevism, and Business," quotes the foregoing from the *Observer* and calls it by precisely its right name, elementary common sense; and goes on to show that since the armistice, the blockade is unmistakably more rigorous than during the war. It now covers the Baltic and the Rhine and a good part of the eastern frontier. The *Guardian* cites the strongly pro-Ally *Journal de Genève* to the effect that the food situation in German Austria is such that if it is not ameliorated, the victory of the Bolshevist elements will be unavoidable; and goes on to observe that "Bolshevism in this connection means that the poor should help themselves from the resources of the rich, and, supposing they have the power and the alternative is to starve, that is precisely what they may be expected to do."

Well, let them starve; let them steal from one another as long as they can and then all starve together. Just so. One may, we regretfully admit, have become so well indoctrinated with standard American patriotism that the starvation of Austrians causes one no pangs; but the trouble is that while we are starving them, we put ourselves in an uncommonly good way of starving too. The terms of the armistice are the terms of the secret treaties; no stream of elevated volubility from Paris can dislodge that fact. In their voracious eagerness to enforce these terms, the Allied Powers—or should one now say the league of nations—is in the predicament of the boa which entered a rabbit-hole, swallowed the rabbit, and could not get out again without disgorging it. The *Guardian* calls attention to the inexorable fact that the potential demand of the enemy states is now the governing factor in industry; and that until merchants and manufacturers in the Allied countries know what the enemy states (including Russia) are going to buy, they cannot possibly forecast the course of prices, and business comes to a standstill. "We here in Manchester," continues the *Guardian*, "understand that only too well. The blockade is hitting the British business man, it is hitting the British workman, it is hitting the British soldier." It then crisply and accurately characterizes the blockade as one which cultivates a highly infectious Bolshevism, cripples industry, multiplies unemployment, and checks demobilization.

Every item in the forecast of these three papers, the *Guardian*, the *Observer*, and the *Journal de Genève*, every prophecy that they intimated as long ago as the first week in January, has come to pass. We have all noticed the reappearance of the Spartacan movement in Germany and its disturbing preponderance in the industrial districts. We had on Sunday the report of a fierce outbreak in Bavaria following the assassination of Kurt Eisner. Unemployment is everywhere, and with it the irresponsible desperation that idleness and misery promote; and not only is this true of the enemy countries, but it is true of England, true of France and Italy, true of the United States. We commend this view of the matter to the careful consideration of American business interests. While the Paris conference is drafting political memoranda with its left hand, it is enforcing the secret treaties with its right—and this is the result.

Either President Wilson is aware of the incidence of the armistice terms or he is not. If he is, the merchants and manufacturers of America can congratulate him neither upon his statesmanship nor upon his sense of paramount duty. If he is not, they can only comment on the extraordinary exclusiveness of his preoccupations. Even the Senate, in its laudable anxiety about the spread of Bolshevism, might venture to remind him of the highly dangerous influence of Allied policy upon the whole course of American business in its relations with the propertyless dependent class. The practical process of enforcing the terms of the secret treaties puts a dead weight on reconstruction, throws price-making into chaos, slows down the resumption of all industry, and produces unemployment ten times faster than any paternalistic makeshift can take care of it. Whatever illusions President Wilson may permit himself about this immediate and highly exacting condition, the industrial and commercial interests of America, at any rate, should indulge in none.

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Government and Propaganda

THE war has revealed to the groups of men who govern the several great nations new and hitherto undreamed of ways of fortifying their control over the masses of the people and of suppressing the opinions of hostile minorities. Not until the world war came had we Americans beheld loyalty to the policies of men temporarily chosen to represent the people in Washington made synonymous with loyalty to our institutions. Then it came about that if you believed our going into this war a mistake, if you held, as President Wilson did early in 1917, that the ideal outcome would be "peace without victory," you were a traitor. The Government maintained this attitude toward dissenters by censorship of the press, by suppression of books, by the extraordinary powers of the Department of Justice, by the tremendous influence exerted by the Secretary of the Treasury over banks and business, by the use of private detective associations, and above all through propaganda of various kinds.

For the work of propaganda our extraordinary American power of organization came into full play, stimulated by the appeal to patriotism, which, if not the last refuge of the scoundrel, as Johnson put it, certainly covers a multitude of sins. It speedily became a crime to think for oneself if one thought differently from the bulk of one's articulate fellow-citizens. On the other hand, the American love of a contest and of a game was utilized to the uttermost to put town, village, city, county, and State "over the top," and the failure of any citizen to join in became thus an offence not only against loyalty but also against his neighbors and his community.

After all, however, the most effective weapon in the hands of Washington has been the control of the press and the creation of a bureau of propaganda. In our Civil War there were the beginnings of propaganda by the Government in the sending to England by President Lincoln of Henry Ward Beecher and others to present the cause of the North to the British public. But in no other war, so far as we are aware, has there been the creation of official departments of propaganda, possessed of vast sums of money, headed, in some cases, by men of light and leading, and recognized as an important adjunct to the fighting forces.

What has happened in regard to Russia is the most striking case in point as showing what may be accomplished by Government propaganda. Owing to its geographical situation Russia easily lends itself to news control. Particularly since the appearance of the Czecho-Slovak movement and the capture of Vladivostok by our own and Japanese troops, it has been possible practically to isolate Russia. For months past only such news has emanated from that country as the English censor and the American Government have desired. Wireless messages from Petrograd and Moscow have been "jammed," and the cable despatches so withheld that our American Associated Press correspondents voluntarily withdrew from Russia—to their credit be it said—because their position was utterly incompatible with self-respect.

Our own policy with regard to Russia was, first, to inform the Russian peoples, through the medium of the Root Commission, what we thought they ought to do with their newly won liberty. Then, the refusal of Lenine and Trotzky to take our advice produced the Sisson "documents"—intended to justify our attacking Russia without a declaration of war. Never could there be a clearer case of what Government control of news sources can do than the fact that the bulk of the American people still believe Trotzky and Lenine to be the sum total of human depravity and wickedness, corrupt, lining their pockets with blood money. Bloody enough they doubtless are; yet it is an unqualified misfortune that the many good features of the Soviet Republic, the wonderful qualities inspiring the revolution, the glorious vision that came with it of a freed and redeemed humanity, are not allowed to reach the American people. For months there have issued from Russia, not the facts, not the truth that because of Allied intervention the Bolshevist Government is growing stronger and stronger, but chiefly inventions. Bartholomew nights that never take place, together with the wildest rumors of communism in women, and of murder and bloodshed, taken from obscure Scandinavian newspapers, are hastily relayed to the United States, while everything favorable to the Soviets, every bit of constructive accomplishment, is suppressed. Thus are our opinions shaped.

It may, of course, be said that all these things are justified as temporary war measures—but when peace comes? Shall we never see a yielding to the temptation to use these new and vast powers of propaganda for the benefit of those in office or for the propagation of the views that they hold? The right to control news from abroad will cease; no longer will Mr. Creel "prove" this or that as to happenings overseas. The daily newspapers will be relieved from the necessity of approving everything the Government does. Yet the thought will not down that, having discovered how easy it is to "sell" opinions, we may see attempts to sell them in the years to come. And this is no idle fear. Have we not witnessed this very thing in connection with our recent adventures in the Caribbean?

Again, suppose that Mr. Wilson or one of his successors should decide on a new war. Is there any one who still believes that the power to make war resides in Congress as called for by the Constitution of the United States? Mr. Wilson has three times shown us, as Mr. Cleveland did in the Venezuelan crisis, that this power belongs practically to the President. Mr. Wilson put us into war with Mexico at Vera Cruz and again when he sent General Pershing's army to invade Mexican soil. Our entry into the world war rested with the President; had he in April, 1917, still insisted that peace without victory was the desideratum, the country would have stood firmly behind him. Suppose now, on the other hand, the President should aver that we were ill-treated at the peace conference, should rouse the country's patriotic spirit, and demand the support of all Americans in a final war to end war—by breaking the British naval menace and thus winning the complete freedom of the seas. He could at once denounce any opponent as traitor to our ideals, could excite the passions of the people against any leaders urging time for sober second thought by calling them wilful men, and having them morally lynched as Messrs. La Follette and Norris and the others were lynched. He could moreover set in motion vast propaganda along precisely the lines so ably utilized since we went into the present war. Santo Domingo shows what can be done. Strange things are being done in these days in the name of loyalty. The pity of it is that nowhere has this Government propaganda been used for healing or reconstructive purposes. It has all been destructive—instinct with the spirit of hate.

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Paying for the War

THE direct cost of the war is estimated at not less than $180,000,000,000—a sum of inconceivable magnitude. Broadly speaking, this amount represents destruction of wealth during the war, but the real impoverishment is vastly greater. On a generous estimate, not more than forty per cent. of the war cost was met by taxes, the remainder being covered by currency inflation and the issue of loans. The bonds thus issued represent no productive equipment, but are simply the capitalization of wealth destroyed, and the interest on them, which alone will be one-third greater than the entire revenue of the belligerent states for 1914, is nothing more than a charge on future production. Having engaged for four and a half years in mutual slaughter and destruction of wealth, the peoples of the world now find that they have also saddled on themselves an almost incomprehensible burden of debt, without creating any means of paying it. The destruction of real values, that is, has brought with it the mortgaging of future production.

The actual financial situation came to be appreciated but slowly; for at first men were blinded by war prosperity. But as the war costs mounted higher and higher there began to be ugly talk of repudiation, and sober financial authorities began calmly to discuss the question whether the central Powers, and Italy, France, and Great Britain also, were not bankrupt in all but name—whether it was in fact possible for them to pay their debts. American financial support only postponed the question. Soviet Russia took the bull by the horns and squarely proposed repudiation. In conservative Great Britain, on the other hand, Mr. Bonar Law, chancellor of the exchequer, at the end of 1917 felt constrained to declare that his Majesty's Government would never repudiate its obligations; but he was driven in the same breath to come out for a "levy on capital" as the only means of meeting the debt. This revolutionary proposal was widely discussed at the time; for it had come to be generally recognized that the war had placed on the back of industry, as opposed to privilege, a load that it could not carry unaided.

The sudden collapse of Germany upset, for the time being, sober financial calculation. The Allied statesmen rejected Mr. Wilson's repudiation of indemnities, hiding behind the word "restorative" as opposed to "punitive," and then in the delirium of victory following the signing of the armistice they threw all pious principles to the winds, and in a sudden access of madness once more hugged to their deluded breasts the idea that the war costs could be unloaded on the defeated Powers. French demands ran to fabulous figures, and Mr. Lloyd George, political super-charlatan, beguiled the British electorate with an indemnity of no less than £23,000,000,000 sterling. No more grotesque and frivolous promise was ever made by a responsible statesman; for it is absolutely impossible, as every serious student knows, for Germany to pay any considerable part of the Allied war costs.

German finance during the war has been even more unsound than that of the Allies. Unless she can open some entirely new source of revenue, she must either repudiate her internal loans, impose inconceivably drastic taxation, or impose a levy on capital. Even at that she is beggared by the war, like every other country in Europe. She has not gold enough to pay a fraction of the damages she must meet. Her foreign securities will be hardly sufficient to compensate Belgium and Northern France. Indemnities she can pay, therefore, only by sending goods to the Allies. But they must first sell her raw materials and then must buy goods from her; and at that he would be a hopeful prophet indeed who should estimate Germany's net exports (the only possible source of indemnity) to Great Britain, for example, at $250,000,000 annually—about one-eighth of the interest that Great Britain will have to pay on her war debt.

Such is the actual situation. The Allied statesmen have promised to make Germany pay their war cost; the promise cannot possibly be redeemed, and as was indicated in a wireless dispatch to the New York *Times* last week, these bankrupt statesmen are now apparently trying to shift to President Wilson the responsibility for their dishonored promises. They know that the American delegates will refuse to endorse their irresponsible and impossible pledges; then they can turn to their peoples and say, "We would have redeemed our pledges but for the idealism of Wilson." Such are the tricks of political strategy. But the peoples of Europe and America will scarcely be deceived. The war destroyed a large proportion of the accumulated wealth of Europe, and in addition created staggering claims against the future income of the belligerent peoples. The only way to pay for the war is to meet those claims in one way or another, or to get rid of them. Germany cannot meet them; ordinary and extraordinary taxation is insufficient; and the only two other methods thus far seriously suggested are repudiation and the capital levy—revolutionary expedients both. What do the world's statesmen, stripped naked of all their fine promises, propose to do about it? The peace will be a real people's peace only if the future production of wealth be made safe for the people, not for the war makers.

Taking an Inventory

THE Seattle strike is over, and negotiations are under way to placate the shipyard workers whose demands were the ostensible cause of that dramatic four-day demonstration. The Butte miners, apparently defeated, have again taken up pick and shovel. The textile workers of the East are on the whole ready to accept the forty-eight hour week with forty-eight hours' pay, and many mills have begun operation, though there is still unrest in Paterson and Lawrence. Throughout the garment industry of New York the shorter day is being generally accepted. The building trades are in conference with employers and Government officials in a serious effort to avoid a strike. With these peaceful negotiations in progress, it is a good time to note certain tendencies that have been displayed with astonishing regularity in recent disputes.

Apparently labor is becoming increasingly interested in organization on industrial rather than trade lines, and is moving toward the one big union. In England the latter stage has been all but reached in the triple alliance of miners, railway men, and transport workers; in the United States the tendency is clearly visible in the Northwest, where barbers and stage hands join a strike in favor of boilermakers. F. G. Biedenkapp, secretary of the Brotherhood of Metal Workers, says: "The old form of craft unionism, with its 'boss-benefiting' tactics of labor separation, is a thing of the past, and the national leaders of the A. F. of L. know this to be so." The American Federation of Labor, in its determined efforts to organize the steel indus-

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try, has found it necessary to combine twenty-four different trades. The threatened strike of building trades began with dissatisfaction among a handful of carpenters on a Brooklyn Government job, but the negotiations for the avoidance of sympathetic walkouts now involve thirty trades.

More conclusive evidence of this trend toward a new type of organization is found in the inability of the old international union heads to hold the allegiance of their followers. No A. F. of L. leader approved the Seattle and Tacoma demonstrations. In Lawrence, the United Textile Workers (A. F. of L.) admitted that the situation was beyond their control. A marine fireman has addressed the Lawrence weavers, cautioning them against disorder; a Socialist boilermaker is one of their spokesmen. Labor is united by a bond stronger than identity of craft.

Moreover, in these late disturbances the workers have exhibited a cool courage that can be born only of quiet confidence. Labor in most cases refuses to be frightened by the apparition of a labor surplus into any abatement of its demands. So confident is it of obtaining its end, indeed, that violence, the weapon of the weak, has been everywhere avoided. The recent strikes have exhibited the most unusual phenomenon of a high degree of order. In Seattle, Mayor Hanson has boasted, "Not an arrest for violence in a city of 400,000 people; not a piece of property destroyed" —for which excellent exhibit probably entire credit cannot be accorded him or the forces at his disposal. Troops were dispatched to Seattle and Butte. In the former city they were idle; in the latter the Boston *Transcript* reports: "Congregating was forbidden, and those slow in moving at the command of the soldiers were made to feel the sting of the bayonet's point." Yet there is no report of retaliation.

What is this quiet determination which animates our industrial workers from coast to coast? Why did a strike, ostensibly in sympathy with shipyard workers, turn a city's life upside down? Why was a "Soviet" formed in Butte out of a demand for increased wages? Why does specific dissatisfaction among carpenters flame in a general outbreak throughout the whole building industry? Thus far labor as a whole has advanced no complete programme; it is still expending energy in demonstrations of a more or less negative character. Here and there, however, has come the explanation that labor is ready to assume the captaincy of its own fate; it seeks control of industry—not omnipotence, but partnership. Undoubtedly, it is as tired of the strike as is the employer; it is as tired as he of higgling over pay and time-clocks; it seeks a real solution.

Keen observers already recognize these facts. Mr. C. V. Corless recently declared in an address before the American Institute of Mining Engineers:

> Those who have experience know that to increase wages, to shorten hours, to improve now this working condition and now that, or to concede any other of the varied demands of labor, never satisfies. . . . In modern industry they [the workers] do not feel personally interested. . . . They do not have the opportunity to think for themselves. . . . Is it clearly recognized that we are at the beginning of a great transition period of industry? Do we realize that the autocracy of capital is coming to an end? Such periods of widespread, rapid social change are times of peculiar danger. It is in the power of the present members of society either to recognize the principle at work and to lend intelligent assistance to the movement or to increase the social danger by opposing it.

In such intelligent analysis lies our hope of avoiding an increase of sorrows. War has awakened half the inhabitants of the globe; the world cannot go on unchanged.

What's in a Name?

THE Geographic Board is likely, for some years to come, to display its sign of "Business going on during alterations," and will continue to afford aid and comfort to the poor spellers of every nationality. For do not all men reverence the genius which gave the efficient Christian name of Beaver Brook to that terror of the New Hampshire spelling bee, Quohquinapassakessanannaquog?

The American tendency is to level our picturesque high spots in nomenclature, and to gloss our past. An era of prosperity obliterates the grateful recognition of Ham Island and Food Island. Who but the Food Administration thriftily depressed the spelling of Mt. Appetite to the unstimulating Apatite? In the same way one suspects public health authorities of tampering with the Fever and Malade rivers, and substituting therefor the prophylactic Galena and Comas. Also, lest they be accused of destruction and not construction, behold Vesuvius Point inoculated and made Salubrious. Legislation is sometimes written in water; for is not the Oregon anti-suffrage triumph responsible for the advancement of Squaw Creek to Buck; and is not Whiskey Creek a sad memorial in Wyoming?

There seems to be a widespread Semitic prejudice against Hog Islands. Animals in general are losing favor. In Alaska, for instance, not only has the Dog had his day, but his fur-bearing comrades, Fox, Beaver, and Sea Otter, perhaps fatally exploited, are now duly replaced by such colorless names as Long, Busby, Douglas, and Augustine. Plain Horse becomes Cheval—as possibly suggestive of a new make of automobile. But for fear of too great emphasis on French, we now have Cat Island on our northern border instead of Isle au Chats. The same self-determination insists on Rainy Lake instead of Lac la Pluie; but where no international boundary is involved we forbid the domestication of Ano Nuevo to New Year Bay. Is it a matter of balance that in Maine transforms Dog Mountain to St. Sauveur and yet in South Africa allows the Espirito Santo to flow as the English river?

The speed thirst of the day (although fortunately it sped past and overlooked Lazy Lady Island in Lake Champlain) begrudges anything stationary. Hence we have Running Crane, Running Owl, and Running Rabbit mountains, probably dubbed by an aviator; and in Maine we have the Flying Squadron Mountain. This is certainly a substantial memorial to a gallant corps, but a rushing mountain torrent would more fittingly symbolize its spirit. It would seem a parvenu imagination that would veneer the pioneer Cowskin, Shinbone Mountain, and One Leg Creek with the more genteel Elk, Conotton, and Cheaha. And is it the stern scientist who petrifies the nature-fakir's fancy of Laughing Fish into Rock River? Gossip's tales seem to haunt Ole Olson Creek and Widow's Station, but Montana and Alabama discreetly veil these with impeccable Cascade and Bolivar. Probably the most virtuous reformation we have experienced is in Minnesota—"Chautauqua Lake (not Lye)"!

As witness of our onward-striding respectability, there was Liberty Cap, which had gradually been driven westward to the inhospitable verge of the Aleutian Islands, and then, denied a last foothold among us, was driven into the sea. Whether still cradled on the Pacific or stranded on Siberia's shores, the last resting place among us of Liberty Cap is now known defiantly as Battery Point.

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The New Revenue Act

By THOMAS SEWALL ADAMS

THE Revenue Act of 1918 will impress the student of financial history as a signal victory for certain theories of taxation which a few years ago were regarded as "socialistic." Within a quarter of a century Justice Field pronounced an income-tax law socialistic and unconstitutional because it exempted incomes of less than $4,000 from the 2 per cent. "burden" which it imposed upon larger incomes; and heated controversy waged about the practicability and propriety of progressive rating. But the Revenue Act of 1918, designed to produce in the first twelve months of its operation $5,788,260,000, will raise more than 80 per cent. of this sum from progressive income taxes.

The estimates are worthy of notice. The war-profits and excess-profits tax—a form of income taxation unknown five years ago—is expected to raise $2,500,000,000, or 43 per cent. of the entire tax budget. The income taxes proper, individual and corporate, will raise $2,207,000,000 additional, or 37 per cent. of the tax budget. "Ability" taxes therefore account for more than 81 per cent. of the entire tax levy. If we add progressive estate or inheritance taxes the proportion rises to more than 82 per cent.; and if we add further the excises on beverages, tobacco, and other luxuries, together with taxes on admissions and dues, we account for nearly 94 per cent. of this colossal tax bill, leaving only about 6 per cent. to be provided by taxes on transportation and on necessary processes of production and commerce. Practically no tax is laid upon articles of actual necessity. Contrast this with the tax programme of the Civil War and we find much reason for congratulation. The new Revenue Bill may be full of imperfections, but it represents a striking victory for ability taxation and democratic finance.

The most important feature of the new law is the striking advance in rates. Income-tax rates have, for most taxpayers, been more than doubled. The taxpayer having a wife but no children will pay, on an income of $3,000, $60 under the Revenue Act of 1918 as compared with $20 under that of 1917; on $10,000, $830 as contrasted with $355; and on $100,000, $35,030 as contrasted with $16,180. These amounts are not high in comparison with the similar British taxes. For example, a married man with no children or dependents would pay 3.6 per cent. on an income of $5,000 in this country as contrasted with 15 per cent. in the United Kingdom; on $25,000, 14.8 per cent. as against 35.75 per cent.; and on $100,000, 35.03 per cent. as against 47.19 per cent. The British rates are notably in excess of our own for incomes under $150,000. The two schedules meet at $200,000, and on larger incomes the American rates greatly exceed the British. An income of $1,000,000 will pay 70.3 per cent. in this country, but only 52 per cent. in the United Kingdom.

On moderate incomes we have possibly been too lenient, but on the very rich the rates are probably too high for successful collection. There are outstanding in this country probably five or six billion dollars of tax-exempt securities in which the rich can freely invest their money without fear of taxation, and rates of 70 per cent. or more merely drive them to make such investment and to practice illicit as well as authorized methods of evasion. The income tax rests largely, for its successful administration, upon the honesty of the taxpayer, who is, all things considered, surprisingly honorable in his dealings with the tax official; but rates which impress him as excessive undermine his morale. He will evade a 50 per cent. tax where he would not evade one of 15 per cent.

While the rates of the new income tax are high, the law is plentifully besprinkled with what in current Congressional discussion have come to be called "cushions." The American income tax, like the British, has in the past abhorred recognition of anything like obsolescence or amortization. The new law makes adequate allowance for obsolescence in general and for amortization of the extraordinary costs of war plant, under careful safeguards designed to prevent abuse.

Falling inventories have also been provided for. If during the taxable year 1919 the taxpayer shows that he has sustained a substantial loss—whether realized by actual safe or not—resulting from any material reduction in the value of the inventory for such taxable year, then he may have such loss subtracted from the net income for the year 1918, with a redetermination of the tax and a corresponding return of any taxes already paid. If he elects to post proper bond he may even take this allowance in advance, and thus avoid the delay involved in securing a refund of taxes. An even more liberal provision authorizes a similar redetermination of the tax and a corresponding refund, for any net loss sustained during any taxable year beginning after October 31, 1918, and ending prior to January 1, 1920.

One of the most striking departures in the new law is the provision authorizing a credit for taxes paid in foreign countries. Domestic corporations and citizens of the United States are taxable upon their entire net income, whether derived from sources within or without the United States. In general, however, foreign Governments tax all income derived from sources within their respective jurisdictions; and this occasionally results in double taxation of the most injurious kind. Congress has done a wise and fair thing in authorizing the offset of foreign income and excess-profits taxes dollar for dollar against the American tax. The same problem in much more aggravated and widespread form arises from the conflicting jurisdictions of the several American States.

Many other instances might be cited of the solicitous care taken in the new Act to soften the mechanical rigor of Federal tax laws. Some of the more radical advocates of heavy taxation have been disposed to criticise this solicitude, interpreting such action as a concession to big business. This criticism is doubly mistaken. The exemption of individuals, partnerships, and personal service corporations from the profits tax; the limitation of the surtaxes on profits derived by the prospector or "wildcatter" from the sale of mineral and oil properties which he has discovered or developed; the limitation of the profits tax on the first $20,000 of taxable income, arranged in such a way as greatly to benefit the small corporation without reducing the profits tax of the large corporation—show that Congress has been more lenient with the small than the large taxpayer.

But there is also a major question of financial policy involved. Advocates of high income and profits taxes should be the first to protest against the taxation of receipts which

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are sometimes called income or profits but which in reality are not income or profits of the kind from which heavy taxes can successfully be taken. When tax rates are low you can muddle through without much respect for the finer equities. But when the tax rates reach 75 and 80 per cent. the inherent complexities of income taxation must be recognized, or taxpayers will be bankrupted by the tax—and in no democracy can a tax long endure which regularly "breaks" a material percentage of the taxpaying population. So long as relief provisions are based upon equity and actual knowledge of the involved conditions of actual business, it will be practically impossible to multiply them unduly. With them, progressive income and profits taxes may perhaps provide the foundations for a liberal democratic finance. Without them, these fiscal instruments become transformed into engines of destruction.

The mixture of high rates, stern provisions to protect the Treasury, and solicitous care to prevent the imposition of undue hardship, which marks the income-tax law is equally evident in Title III, dealing with the profits tax. Rates of 80 per cent. on war profits and 30 and 65 per cent. on excess profits are imposed upon income for the year 1918, and are continued thereafter for profits derived from Government contracts made during the war. The war-profits credit or deduction gives full recognition to "pre-war earnings"; but, after all, the war-profits and excess-profits credits will depend principally upon the invested capital of the corporation, and this invested capital is based for the most part upon actual investment. It recognizes no appreciation (above cost) in the value of tangible assets, makes no allowance for intangible assets built up or developed by current expenditures for advertising or the like, and imposes a strict and arbitrary limitation upon the valuation of intangible assets, including patents and copyrights, paid in for capital stock. Elaborate precautions are taken to avoid evasion of these provisions of reorganization, merger, consolidation, or the transfer of property to other corporations.

Such are some of the rigors of the profits tax. To temper them the tax upon the first $17,000 of taxable income has been ingeniously limited to 30 per cent.; the new corporation has been given a war-profits credit based upon the pre-war earnings of other corporations in the same general class of trade or business; the consolidated return has been specifically sanctioned; and a sweeping relief provision has been inserted as Section 327, which gives the Commissioner of Internal Revenue power in any case of exceptional hardship to fix the tax by reference to the experience (or average tax) or representative or normal concerns in a like or similar trade or business.

The most important change from existing law in the profits tax is the exclusion of individuals, partnerships, and personal service corporations. This brings us to the most difficult problem of income taxation: the treatment of reinvested or undistributed profits. Individuals (and partnerships in effect) are subject to income tax, normal and additional, upon all their income whether reinvested or not and whether withdrawn from the business or not. But the corporation pays only the normal tax, and the stockholders pay no surtaxes upon the undistributed profits of the corporation. This discrimination sometimes has the gravest consequences. One American partnership last year paid over $1,000,000 more taxes than it would have paid had it been organized in corporate form, and it was in close competition with many similar concerns organized as corporations. The Revenue Act solves this difficult problem by exempting individuals and partnerships from the profits tax and permitting personal service corporations (which "ought" in most cases to be organized as partnerships) to be treated as partnerships.

This solution avoids the imposition of the profits tax upon salaries and personal earnings—a grave blemish in the old law. It avoids the necessity of computing the invested capital of individuals, frequently an almost impossible task. While it permits corporations to escape income surtaxes upon profits retained in the business, it imposes in lieu of such surtaxes a heavy profits tax. But no true equilibrium is thus established. Corporations with large incomes which represent a profit of less than 8 per cent. upon the invested capital will escape the heavy surtaxes to which a sole proprietor or partnership under like circumstances would be subject. But the great majority of corporations will be more heavily taxed than individuals and partnerships similarly situated. Nevertheless, at the other extreme there will be a few individuals and partnerships having large net incomes divisible into only a few shares, which will pay, even without the profits tax, far more to the Government than a corporation similarly circumstanced would pay.

Relief has been provided for individuals and partnerships of the class last noted. Such business concerns may reorganize as corporations at any time before July 1, 1919, and pay taxes for the year 1918 and thereafter as corporations. But no similar option could be offered to those corporations which will pay more than partnerships similarly circumstanced. To have given the option to corporations to pay as partnerships would probably have cut the revenue from the profits tax in half. For the year 1918, therefore, the profits tax will in large measure depend upon the mere form of business organization, which in some cases is largely fortuitous.

The problem as a whole remains for future solution. This much may be said, however. The large corporation, with thousands of stockholders who invest in it rather than control it, properly belongs in a wholly different class from the close corporation whose stockholders own and control and essentially are the corporation. Methods of taxation applicable to the one class of corporations are not applicable to the other. The new law makes a promising start, and an ultimate solution may be found along the lines now laid down, by treating as partnerships not only personal service corporations but most classes of "close corporations."

The new Revenue Act is the bill of no one man and no one party, but the joint production of many minds and many influences. It is a characteristic product of democratic financial procedure, and has the defects of its qualities. Few tax laws in the history of this or any other country bear greater evidences of a desire to accomplish discriminatingly exact fiscal justice, and it is this effort to do justice in the exceptional case, that accounts for the oppressive complexity of the new measure. It is easy to demand tax laws which shall be sure and simple, explicit and certain, but the day of simple tax laws has probably passed. A corporation fortunate enough to earn 30 per cent. on its capital will now in most cases pay in profits and income taxes more than half of its earnings, to say nothing of the capital-stock tax and the surtaxes imposed upon any dividends paid to stockholders. The law which imposes such a burden must be framed with meticulous care. Simplicity must give way to the complexity of truth.

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The New United States

II. Marking Time in Alabama

Birmingham, Ala., February 10

Birmingham is not, in some respects, a typical Southern city. It has, to be sure, a small percentage of the foreign-born and a large percentage of Negroes; the speech of the average citizen betrays his Southern origin; a baptism of paint and a crusade of external orderliness and neatness are as much needed as elsewhere in the South; the street-cars segregate whites and Negroes, the Negro quarters are unspeakable, and there is a monument to the Confederate dead. As an industrial centre, however, Birmingham is largely the result of Northern initiative and Northern capital, and while local capital and initiative have come, in time, to supplement the investment of ability and money from other sources, and now to supply the smaller local needs, the chief industrial influences are still external. Moreover, the city is comparatively new, its present estimated population of about 220,000 being a growth of less than thirty-five years. The pervading mixture of cheap and well-built structures, the relative scarcity of large business buildings and apartment houses, the numerous vacant lots in all parts of the city, and the extension of the corporate municipal limits far beyond the area of compact settlement, combine to give the city something of the external appearance of a quickly-grown Western town.

The geographical situation of Birmingham is peculiar. The city is ringed about and practically shut in by great mining properties, all privately owned, and controlling a practically inexhaustible wealth of coal and iron. As the business or financial centre of the northern Alabama district, the future of Birmingham is assured. Of other economic development, however, the future appears to hold less promise. The mountain areas which confine the district on the east and west are rugged, and offer little possibility of important agricultural development; the mountain population is thin and scattered, and the towns are small. One finds in Birmingham, accordingly, no important jobbing or distributing trade, and no likelihood of such, for the obvious reason that, outside of the mining camps, there is no considerable or growing population of consumers. The cotton belt is fifty or sixty miles away, and near-by truck-farming is still in its infancy. There appears to be no way, accordingly, in which Birmingham can greatly diversify its industry, nor is it in touch, save here or there and at arm's-length, with a population which demands diversification. Its future, like its past, is bound up with the fortunes of coal, iron, and steel—fortunes whose control in this instance lies mainly in Pittsburgh and New York, and in whose direction the people of Birmingham and Alabama have at most only an acquiescing voice. The handful of men who own the mineral lands of northern Alabama have only to nod, however courteously, and Birmingham will do their bidding.

Under such circumstances one might expect that the opinions of business men or bankers regarding the industrial or financial outlook would be chiefly a reflection of opinions prevalent at the centres where the greater Birmingham industries are controlled. The representative men with whom I talked, however, showed little disposition to indulge in generalities or to cite other expressions of opinion than those of their own immediate associates. Generally speaking, the feeling with regard to the immediate future was one of uncertainty and caution rather than of apprehension. While it was generally felt that wages, which nearly everyone insisted were much too high for peace times, could not well be lowered until some corresponding reduction took place in the cost of living, no one intimated a substantial fear lest the readjustment should precipitate a financial panic or even usher in a long period of business depression. In the meantime, however, business is obviously "sitting tight." There are no new enterprises of importance, loans are carefully scrutinized, there is no active seeking for new orders, and building is at a standstill.

There are special reasons why Birmingham should be less actively concerned over the immediate economic future than are many communities with a more varied industrial life. For one thing, the Birmingham district has had little or no "war" business. With the exception of the fabricating plants of the Birmingham Steel Corporation and the Woodward Iron Company, for the manufacture of steel plates for ships, the war demands upon the industries of the district have called mainly for increased production of articles already regularly made, or for articles so closely akin to regular lines as to involve only slight changes in equipment. Consequently, not only are there no munition plants to be demobilized, but there are also no extensive additions to other plants to be converted to other uses or scrapped. The new plant of the Woodward Iron Company, the largest development of the war period, involving an expenditure of approximately $25,000,000, represents an enlargement which, it is said, would in all probability have been made anyway, even had there been no war. The enlarged plants of the Sloss-Sheffield Company and other corporations devoted to by-products of coke are in a way an exception, since a new market must be found for the acid products which were turned out in greatly increased quantities during the war, if the plants are not to be converted to other uses.

The result, naturally, has been a distinct alleviation of the situation since the armistice, as regards both labor and capital. There are no large capital investments to be charged off through the scrapping of extensive plants with their equipment; nor will expensive replacements of machinery have to be provided for. On the other hand, there are no thousands of workers to be discharged. For the moment, at least, the employment situation in the district is fairly satisfactory. There is said to be a slight shortage of skilled labor, and a slight excess supply of unskilled, both for mines and mills and for industry generally. The outlook, however, is admittedly disquieting. In clerical positions, where women have largely replaced men during the war, there is no general disposition to discharge the women in order to make places for demobilized men. There is complaint, too, that many of the enlisted men do not want their old jobs back again, but are seeking better places or, in the case of many who followed sedentary occupations, outdoor employment.

It is hard to see what Birmingham would do with a larger population if it had it. Thanks to the suspension of building operations during the war, there are today practically no vacant habitable houses anywhere in the city, and few vacant offices or shops. Of 2,400 vacant houses in

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1914, practically all are now occupied. The hotels are full to overflowing, and the problem of suitable accommodations, or even of any accommodations at all, becomes more acute now that the travelling salesman is once more abroad in the land. The dearth of domestic service crowds the restaurants, and would under ordinary circumstances create a demand for apartments in place of the prevailing one-family dwelling. But the prices of lumber and building materials still soar, and mechanics' wages are very high and mechanics themselves scarce; with the consequence, for the city as a whole, of a good deal of bad housing and overcrowding, the continued occupation, especially in the Negro quarters and outlying districts, of hundreds of dwellings that ought to be destroyed, and the stagnation of real-estate business and building operations.

A further reason for the lack of apprehension, if not for positive confidence, regarding the immediate future which appears to prevail in Birmingham business circles is to be found in the substantial improvements which have taken place in the local financial situation during the war. Prior to the war, credit conditions and the banking policy which sustained them were justly open to criticism. Loans were easily obtained, security was often viewed quite as much from the standpoint of hope as from that of substance, and banks did not press for payment. The condition was not unnatural in a new and rapidly growing community, surrounded and even underlain by rich natural resources, and attracting young men whose capital was in ability and confidence rather than in money. In practice, however, collections were slow, banks carried an undue volume of uncertain loans, and money was spent rather than saved. The war has done a good deal to change all this. I did not find anyone who cared to assert without qualification that Birmingham is even now a saving community, but the enhanced wages and profits of the war period have led to extensive payments of old debts, some of the leading banks have charged off old loans that were hopeless and are more carefully scrutinizing new ones, and the sale of Liberty Bonds has stimulated saving among the masses. With plenty of money in the banks and some millions of Liberty Bonds in private hands, bankers are less anxious about the future. It is amazing, however, to find that neither the Federal Government nor the banks have done anything to meet the local banking and saving needs of the miners. There are no banking facilities of any sort in the mining camps, and the miner must still carry his money about his person. The United States Steel Corporation, after vainly endeavoring to induce the Government to act, has lately established at the Chickasaw shipyard, near Mobile, a private banking arrangement for its employees, and a similar plan, it is said, is likely to be put into operation shortly by the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company, a subsidiary of the Steel corporation, in the Birmingham district.

Aside from the question of immediate employment, the labor outlook as a whole is mixed. The Birmingham district is not a strong union centre. The Tennessee Coal, Iron, & Railroad Company, the largest mining and manufacturing corporation in the district, adheres to the policy of the open shop, and everywhere in the mines and mills union and non-union laborers work side by side. The coal miners are working at present under a wage agreement entered into in May, 1918, with the United States Fuel Administration, and running for the period of the war but not beyond April 1, 1920, together with a prior agreement, accepted by the miners in December, 1917, providing for the arbitration of disputes. Although, according to the Birmingham representative of the United Mine Workers of America, the United States Steel Corporation has refused to take part in any arbitration proceedings under this agreement, it has accepted and faithfully carried out the decisions of the umpire in cases affecting it. Labor leaders with whom I talked described the conditions at the various plants as, in general, satisfactory, and the relations between the companies and the men as amicable.

On one point, however, the labor representatives are agreed, and that is that under no circumstances will labor accept a reduction of wages. They point out that the present scale of wages at the mines is considerably lower than that which obtains north of the Ohio River, notwithstanding that the smaller seams of the Birmingham coal district render the work of the miner more arduous and lessen the amount which he can produce, and that in any case the miners cannot, with the present cost of living, save anything. With a maximum daily wage of $3.84 when employed by the day, the possibility of saving for a miner with a family is clearly not great. The stubborn opposition of the mine operators to the enactment of a workingmen's compensation law—a draft of such a law is now before the Alabama Legislature—was also instanced as proof that the operators, however much they might do of their own accord in providing houses, schools, and medical attendance for their employees, were nevertheless hostile to the claims of labor as a whole. Beyond an admission of wide-spread unrest, however, and a general desire to see the mines taken over in some way by the Federal Government, no indication of a break in existing relations was discernible.

Mention of the workingmen's compensation bill brings up the question of the Negro. One of the strong objections to the pending measure, privately but not publicly urged at Montgomery by attorneys for the operators, is, I was told, that under such an act the compensation paid to a Negro would have to be the same as that paid to a white. One hardly knows whether to class such an extraordinary objection as evidence of an underlying hostility with which the Negroes are still regarded, or as only a belated protest of some unreconstructed supporter of the old régime. Of the Negro as an industrial worker, one hears only praise in Birmingham business circles. The Negro miner works under the same conditions as the white receives the same wages, and belongs to the same union. The United Mine Workers' organization knows no difference of race in the treatment of its members. The attitude of the Administration at Washington, however, was sharply criticised by certain Birmingham labor leaders as unintelligent and reactionary. At the time when Federal agents were scouring the South for Negro laborers for Northern shipyards or munition plants, and allowing the agents of coal operators north of the Ohio to draw miners from the Birmingham district by the car load through the offer of higher wages, Federal objection was made to the unionizing of Birmingham Negro miners on the plea that it would withdraw needed labor from the farms! Socially, whether in city or in mining-camp, the Negroes remain a class apart, but one who views without prejudice the wretched conditions under which the Negro city-dweller for the most part lives is bound to conclude that the comparatively slow advancement of the Negro is far from being wholly his own fault.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

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Clemenceau as a Novelist

By ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

THE whole world now knows Georges Clemenceau as the forceful First Minister who played Lincoln to the Grant of General Foch. A good fraction of the world knew him before as the caustic journalist whose *Homme Enchaîné* became by virtue of the war *L'Homme Libre*. But our Western world, at least, has not known him as a novelist. Perhaps our Western world would have managed to exist without such knowledge, for Clemenceau the story-writer bulks much less imposingly than Clemenceau the statesman. But there is a bitter flavor to his short stories ("Aux Embuscades de la vie," published in 1903) which is not always wholly unpleasant, although mostly so; and of course nothing produced by a mind of this calibre is negligible.

Clemenceau is a born "anti" and a confirmed cynic. The teachings of his stories are more clear than comforting. We have no reason to believe in a God or a Hereafter, which is just as well, because no form of existence could be worth the living. There is no such thing in this world as virtue, wisdom, or enduring happiness. We are all poor miserable sinners—but what of it? It would scarcely pay to be anything else in so random and unjust a universe. We are all futile and ridiculous,—with the possible exception of the cynical philosopher who sees through it all and who plucks the day with Horace and Ausonius. All the common canons of virtue and holiness are, by the bulk of mankind, honored in the breach; and it is better for mankind that this is so. Octave de Boisgiron is united in a *mariage de convenance* to Berthe de La Palud, and they are sick with disgust of each other before they are half-way up the Nile in the first fortnight of their honeymoon. René de Callians, an old acquaintance of Octave's, happens along and cheers them both very successfully for years. Berthe is not unfaithful to Octave, for she owes him nothing. The *mariage de convenance* is a foolish farce, and it is the part of wisdom to ignore its useless vows. So everybody concerned is really better off (including Octave, who is thus justified in seeking feminine society elsewhere) for the laudable freedom from prejudice shown by René and Berthe. When the lady dies, the two men weep in each other's arms, and spend their remaining decade or so of life regretting her in a pathetic duo.

Clemenceau is almost never easy to read or amusing, although many of his stories (it is not quite just to him to cite the above so prominently) have a certain gloomy power, and some are markedly ingenious. "Union Assortie" is worthy of Maupassant. An honest bourgeois pair of Caen, earning a modest living in the drapery business, rearing a family and marrying them well, and dying on the same day, earn the life-long approval and envy of their neighbors. But the truth of the union was that the *mariage de convenance* (next to the Catholic Church, Clemenceau's pet aversion) had been brought about by mutual misrepresentation of the two families' financial status, and that the couple spent their lives in impotent hate and small persecutions such as over-salted meats, slyly-opened windows, bits of glass on the floor, traps and tricks of every description, the setting of one child against another, culminating in a touch of something from the apothecary's shop in the old man's sassafras tea, and a paroxysm of fright on the part of the murderess which carried her off before her husband's body was cold. "How they loved each other!" sighed the neighbors. "What a perfect match!"

Clemenceau always writes with a purpose. He is always didactic—though Heaven help us if we accept the moral of any one of his fables!—and we must be satisfied to find romance and pathos relegated to the parentheses. There are tears and beauty in the story of the young priest who is bulldozed into the Church by an ex-Magdalene with means, who plays the accompaniment for the beautiful young Sister in charge of the little hospital, and who mounts his pulpit one morning to find that slanderous tongues have been at work and have secured the substitution of a hunch-backed termagant for his friend. Not all the bitterness at the Church and malicious society can quite kill the charm of the innocent liaison. Clemenceau is a poet, now and then, in spite of himself.

And he loves a joke, and tells it well. Any reader with a desire for fair play must feel inclined to resent his contempt for the Polish Jews of "Gédéon dans sa tombe," "Simon, fils de Simon," and "Au pied de la croix"; but the first two at least are rollickingly well told. Old Gideon, the merchant prince, warns his "coming" sons that if after his death they allow their craving for social advancement to lure them to Christianity, he will turn over in his grave. Daniel is the first to violate the paternal interdiction and disturb the repose of the deceased; but some months later Nathan restores him to his original position by the simple expedient of repeating Daniel's offence. Simon, son of Simon, plays the lottery and prays to Jehovah for success, promising him a fifth part of the gain, but he wins nothing. Then he invokes the Saviour of the Christians, making the same promise, and is awarded the Grand Prize. But the coffers of the Church grow no richer for his good fortune. "The proof," he reasons, "that Jahveh is superior to the Christian God, is that he knew that I could never bring myself to part with a hundred thousand florins. He knoweth our hearts. He does not expect the impossible from us. The other was deceived by my good faith, of which I was for a time the dupe, myself. Jahveh alone is great, my son."

It is a comfort to find the collection ending with the Italian sketch "Giambolo." This time Clemenceau is abusing the tourist and his scoundrelly guides. On the campanile of Torcello, at Venice, the cicerone draws out his dirty field-glass and shows an enraptured group of visitors the vague and distant Giambolo. On the roof of the Duomo of Milan, another rascal elicits a harvest of silver by pointing out to his group of innocents a far, filmy Giambolo. On the exterior rotunda of the convent of Assisi, still another foolish company are certain that they catch on the horizon a glimpse of the guide's much-heralded Giambolo. "And if any of you should ever doubt, friend reader, even from your easy-chair, follow the counsel gleaned at the Venetian lagoon: 'Close your eyes a little,' and you will see Giambolo." It is comforting because, for all this broadside of misanthropy, and even through it here and there, we have discovered that the old Premier is not above closing his eyes a little now and then, and that when he does so he himself catches a glimpse of Giambolo.

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Russia at the Cross-Roads

By GEORGE V. LOMONOSSOFF.

FROM numerous Russian newspapers and periodicals that came into my hands it became clear to me as early as December last that a definite swing to the right had occurred in the ranks of the Soviet Government; that the responsibilities of power and the realistic conditions of creative work had transformed even the most uncompromising Bolsheviki into more pliable and yielding men. I discussed this matter privately a number of times, although, naturally, my information at that time appeared somewhat dubious. Now, however, we have fresh evidence in Mr. Robert Minor's interview with Lenine, published in the New York *World* and the Chicago *Daily News*. This interview took place in the latter part of January. Mr. Minor evidently does not sympathize with the Bolsheviki, and, therefore, additional weight attaches to the two important facts which he establishes: First, the ranks of the Soviet Government have been joined by the leader of the Mensheviki, Martov, who headed the opposition to the Bolsheviki even as late as last June. Second, Mr. Minor says that "actually, men of the bourgeois class are fast drifting back into control of Russian industry as People's Commissars." Both these facts deserve serious attention, for they are highly significant of the steadily increasing strength of the Soviet Government.

Although a certain group of Russians calling themselves the "Russian Economic League," in numerous extensive advertisements, insist that the Soviets are only a camouflage for the Bolsheviki, I declare emphatically that the Soviets and the Bolsheviki are not one and the same. The Soviets are an institution; the Bolsheviki are a political party. The dominance of one party may be replaced by another party, but institutions remain. To call the Soviets a camouflage for the Bolsheviki is just as near the truth as to call the Senate of the United States a camouflage for the Republican or the Democratic party. The Soviets sprang up in the first days of the revolution, when it became evident that the Duma—the incidental first centre of the revolution—was as completely overawed as the Czar by the events of the revolution. The Russian revolution could not be accomplished without revolutionists, and accordingly they quickly formed the first Soviet, at the head of which stood three Socialist Deputies in the Duma: Tscheidze (Menshevik), Kerensky (Social Revolutionist), and Skobelev (Menshevik). In April, 1917, the Soviets were reconstructed by means of more or less regular elections.

During the entire existence of the Provisional Governments the actual power was not these Governments, but the Soviets. The Soviets overthrew the Government of Prince Lvov, putting at the head of the Government their own man—Kerensky. But when they ceased to believe in him, the Soviets took the power away from him, practically without any resistance. At first the Soviets were dominated by the moderate Socialists, but the moderates compromised themselves by their participation in the Kerensky Government, which distinguished itself, especially in foreign policies, by its indecisive and feeble attitude. With that, the sympathies of the masses turned to the extremists. No matter what one's attitude toward the Bolsheviki, one cannot deny the clarity and consistency of their programme.

Nevertheless, from the very beginning the Soviet Government was by no means a purely Bolshevist Government. It included as many as 40 per cent. of Left Social Revolutionists. The break between them and the Bolsheviki took place only after the enactment, in July, 1918, of the Land Law—the most magnificent creation of the Soviet power. So far as is known, the actual split occurred over the question of the organization of the poorest peasantry. At any rate, during the latter part of the summer the Left Social Revolutionists withdrew from the Government. At about the same time two currents became evident among the Bolsheviki themselves: the left wing, with Bukharin at its head, considered the purity of Bolshevist principles above all; the right wing, under the leadership of Lenine, thought first of practical results. The consistent and uncompromising newspaper, *Pravda*, organ of the left wing of the Bolsheviki, stood in opposition to the Soviet Government. It was a friendly opposition, indeed, but an opposition nevertheless. Lenine has stood for unity of all the progressive, vital forces of the country—a unity dictated by conditions which make salvation impossible without it. But such a unity is possible around the Soviet Government only, for this is the only vital centre. All attempts to resuscitate the corpse of the Provisional Government met with complete failure. They accomplished only the creation of Kolchak. It is time to realize that there is no *via media*, and that it is impossible to wait longer. One must choose between the Soviets and Kolchak, between the people and a military dictatorship. Each of these factions already has something to its credit. The Soviets have produced the Land Decree and the Red Army, which is at present fighting unexpected enemies quite successfully; Kolchak, on the other hand, has re-introduced vodka, the laws against Jews, and corporal punishment for soldiers.

Maxim Gorky was the first to answer Lenine's call for unity. He was followed by the most ardent opponent of the Bolsheviki—Martov—and by Chernov, leader of the Social Revolutionists and president of the Constituent Assembly, dissolved by the Bolsheviki. The uniting of Russia has begun. As in 1612, foreign intervention has done its work of awakening the national spirit, and the result now will be the same as then. But at that time the Russian situation was much worse than at present. At the request of the Boyars —the Lvovs and Milukovs of that time—a Polish army had entered Moscow, and the bands of the seventeenth century Kolchak—the Thief of Tushin—stood before its walls. It may be said that the ideas of Minin and Prince Pojarsky, who united Russia at that time—that the ideas of these *zemsky* men and Cossacks differed from the ideas of Lenine and Trotzky. The statement is true, but a difference of three hundred years must also be taken into account. Were the American revolution to take place to-day, Americans would not be satisfied with the Constitution of 1787. The glory of the year 1612 in the history of Russia lies in the very fact that for the sake of saving the Fatherland such bitter enemies as landowners and Cossacks united. A similar process is going on to-day.

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Of no less importance is the fact that business men have been induced to participate in the creative work of reconstructing Russian industries. The fundamental mistake of the Russian revolution was that the revolutionists were so infatuated with the just re-distribution of wealth that they came near putting a stop to its creation. Thus Russia has come to poverty. The wealth of a country depends upon the mass of values created. The equitableness of distribution, depends, not upon the wealth of the country, but upon the system of social justice that prevails. Russia is giving primary attention at present to the second consideration, but this does not necessarily mean that everyone must be poor; on the contrary, every citizen should have a definite minimum of material and intellectual comforts. But in order to have them it is necessary to create them. The Soviet Government has understood this from the beginning. Lenine long since called attention to the fact, but the masses were deaf to his call, and in the ranks of the Soviet Government there were no men capable of setting the economic life of the country in order. At present this gap is being filled, and Russia, accordingly, is reviving. No one can deny, however, that economically she is in chaos. With railways paralyzed and with machinery lacking, even a genius would be powerless to reconstruct Russia's industries at once. Here is America's opportunity.

I will not speak of the assistance rendered to the United States by Russia during your Civil War; I will not speak of the fact that justice demands reparation from this country for the errors of the recent past, for business knows no sentiment. The question is clear and simple: we need goods, you need markets. Decide which is more advantageous for you—to deal with the Bolshevist Government on the other side of the Pacific Ocean or to breed Bolshevism here in America. Do not forget that unemployment is the most dangerous agitator, and hunger the most ardent Bolshevik. Decide also which Russia it will be more advantageous for you to have in the Far East—a strong or a weak Russia.

All this has been urged before; but in answer it is usually declared that it is impossible to deal with a Government which does not pay its debts. At present, however, we see in black and white the statement of Lenine, specifically confirmed by him, reading: "The Russian Government would be inclined to pay its debts if by that means the war against it could be stopped." There is yet one more consideration, however. It is said that Russia has nothing with which to pay her debts. It is true that she has no gold, but she has national riches. In payment for locomotives and machinery she can make concessions in the Urals, in Altai, in Turkestan. It is well worth playing this game. And the most important point is that you have nothing further to await. There will be no middle way between Kolchak and the Soviets—and Kolchak is no partner for the United States. Russia stands to-day at the cross-roads; she is waiting. Her course depends upon you. Do not drive her along the wrong fork.

Foreign Correspondence

I. Mr. Asquith's Defeat

London, January 4

IS it eclipse or extinction? Will the electoral disaster that has overwhelmed Mr. Asquith mean his total and final disappearance from public life, or will it prove to be only a temporary leave of absence, to be followed presently by a return to a position of equal or even greater influence? Precedent offers little help to a forecast. Mr. Asquith is now in his sixty-seventh year. Mr. Balfour was fifty-seven at the time of the 1906 rout, and, although thirteen years have passed, he has not yet recovered his lost leadership. Gladstone was sixty-five in 1874 and seventy-seven in 1886, but his powers of recuperation were derived from an almost miraculous energy and perennial youthfulness of spirit of which Mr. Asquith has given no sign.

The collapse of Mr. Asquith is the more remarkable inasmuch as it used to be said of him that the one fault of his career was the monotony of its success. Just before the war, his position seemed to be impregnable. His opponents at that time could see little prospect of a return to power. Indeed, up to the very moment when he was displaced from office, it was almost an offence against patriotism to doubt that he was England's one indispensable man. From the beginning he had made his mark in Parliament as one of the intellectually strongest men in that assembly. The House of Commons, even more than the bar and the public platform, was the fitting stage for the display of his rare gifts. His oratorical style, distinguished by its clear-cut periods of dispassionate argument, matured early. Not a word was wasted or misplaced. In debate he was unmatched. "Asquith will get on," predicted Benjamin Jowett in his Balliol days, "he is so direct." His sentences have been described as marching into action like disciplined units, marshalled and drilled. His brain worked all the time with the faultless precision of a machine. He was never indiscreet and never flurried, but thought, spoke, and planned with unruffled coolness. He could draw upon the resources of Oxford culture at its best. He kept up his interest in scholarship to such a degree that, only a few years ago, he was able to deliver from the chair of the Classical Association an address that would have been worthy of a Jebb or a Gilbert Murray. He might have been instanced as one of the finest examples of the old style of British statesmanship—as one which illustrated what a man of ripe culture, breadth of learning, and consummate literary skill could do in handling the affairs of state. During his Premiership, he acquired a control of the House of Commons not inferior to that exercised by Gladstone in his prime. He carried into law, in the Parliament Act, a measure which was regarded as one of the greatest of constitutional changes in the national history. And this record of brilliant achievement now ends in one of the most humiliating of defeats—a *débâcle* in which he not only has fallen himself, but has dragged down with him into ruin the whole body of his colleagues and lieutenants, and the party which had been proud to look up to him as its leader. Truly, the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

Leader of the Liberal party—yes, but was he ever the true leader of Liberalism? Was he ever rooted and grounded in its fundamental principles? All the time, those of his followers whose attachment to Liberalism was not a mere partisanship have felt there was something lacking. Some have hinted at a deficiency in imagination. Others have

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criticised his utterances as hard, metallic, and unsympathetic. But the trouble was not a mere question of temperament. Compare his popular appeals with Gladstone's, and you are at once struck by the absence of any prophetic note. They had no fire, no glow, no ethical fervor, no soul. And they had no soul, because they were not inspired by an unswerving and uncompromising devotion to the Liberal faith. Contrast him even with Campbell-Bannerman—a man whom it is the fashion to regard, by comparison, as a commonplace and undistinguished type of political leader—and you will not fail to discern Mr. Asquith's inferiority. After all, Campbell-Bannerman's indignant and injudicious protest against the "methods of barbarism" employed in the Boer war set him on a higher pinnacle than Mr. Asquith has ever reached. Of him, at least, it could not be said that he ever failed, under whatever stress of opposition, to keep the Liberal faith whole and undefiled.

But Mr. Asquith's Liberalism has broken down under every severe test. It broke down during the Boer war, when he allied himself to the group that invented the strange amalgam called Liberal Imperialism. "I prefer Balfour, with all his feebleness," wrote Goldwin Smith in 1903, "to Asquith, Fowler, and Co., who as Imperialist Liberals kill Liberalism with its own sword." It broke down again, most lamentably, in the Carson agitation and the Curragh incident just before the war. Liberalism of this kind is always weak in a crisis, whatever its outward show of strength.

Mr. Asquith's reputation reached its climax in the early stages of the Great War. Now came his supreme opportunity, and for a time it appeared that he would not come short of it. But it soon became clear that he could retain his national popularity only by giving up his Liberal principles, and one by one they were sacrificed. The secret treaties to which he pledged the country after the outbreak of the war were inconsistent with any Liberalism worthy of the name. The restrictions upon domestic liberty, the introduction of conscription, the surrender of free trade—these things and many others were wholly incompatible with the Liberal faith of which Mr. Asquith was the guardian and trustee. His weakening on these questions gave his political opponents an advantage of which they were not slow to avail themselves. His concessions were turned against him. Like the creator of Frankenstein, he had made a monster that passed beyond his control. His successive compliances with the demands of the intransigents—as when he threw his friend and colleague, Lord Haldane, to the wolves—only whetted their appetite for more. The time came when his utmost concessions failed to satisfy them, and Zimri's *coup d'état* brought his premiership to an end.

As soon as he was out of office, Mr. Asquith seemed stricken with paralysis. No Government offered more points for effective criticism than that which followed his own, but his leadership of the official Opposition was scarcely more than a formality. Opportunity after opportunity was suffered to pass by. Now and then he assembled his followers to hear some deliverance on the situation, and they came together in high hopes of a fighting summons. But they were invariably disappointed. "One was rather reminded," says a journalist who was present at his Caxton Hall meeting last November, "of the excited and enthusiastic gambols of a dog under the impression that his master is going for a fine gallop over the moors, but who finds after all that he is only taking a stroll round the corner." Some attribute Mr. Asquith's neglect of his opportunities to a patriotism which was unwilling to weaken the national unity by any suggestion that the Government in being could deserve censure. This theory will not quite fit the facts. If this had been the motive, he would not have endorsed the running of Liberal candidates at the election in opposition to Coalitionists. The truth of the matter is rather that he could not have brought any substantial accusation against the Lloyd George Government without virtually condemning himself. For the issues on which the new Prime Minister was the most vulnerable were precisely those on which Mr. Asquith, by his own surrender of Liberal principles, had forfeited all right of remonstrance. He was muzzled by his own record.

And so, when the appeal to the country came, he could meet the Coalitionist campaign with no counterblast that was worth consideration. The result was inevitable. The constituency that he had represented continuously for thirty years, rejected him, and the forces arrayed under his leadership were smitten hip and thigh. Not even the avowed pacifists received a more decisive hostile verdict than some of his colleagues who had linked their political fortunes with his. "The worst of it is," says a veteran Liberal, "that he has gone down with no flags flying except the white flag." Other political leaders have sustained smashing defeats, but not even Mr. Balfour in 1906 was the victim of a disaster so humiliating. How much more pitiful is such a fate than that, for instance, of Lord Morley, whose public career came to an end, indeed, amid the disappointment of his ideals, but who could retain the assurance that he had in no way compromised his own fidelity to the principles of his political faith.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

II. London Chill and Cheer

London, February 10

COAL and Weather, Weather and Coal, that is all the unaccustomed American need know concerning present London. I am told they have link boys in all the safe deposit vaults to guide patrons to their vaults. Doubtless, this is an exaggeration. Yet the other day, on what Londoners call only a reasonably misty day, when I blew into my unheated room, in my unheated hotel, in my unheated metropolis of London, I swear by all the gods of Mark Twain that so thick lay the fog in my room I had difficulty in distinguishing the bed from the wardrobe until I bumped my shins on the former; and I began to brush my teeth with my shaving brush. I paid a visit the other day to a prominent journalist—I shall not give his name or otherwise compromise him—who lives in one of the suburbs. The day was so fine you could actually tell whether you saw a chemist's shop or an ironmongery across the street. I entered the dank villa of my host. A cheery ounce of coal burned on his sitting-room hearth. I *chattered* gaily with the man and his charming wife in the foggy dimness, and then rode home on top of a bus. (All the insides are already crowded up in Yorkshire, and arrive at London's outskirts bulging with florid people.) When I reached home, you could have used me for a baseball bat—I was that frozen. I stalked into the office of the hotel which I now call home, but which a polar bear would find chilly, and I demanded a fire in my room. "Are you sick, sir?" asked the clerk. "Am I what?" I demanded. "We don't have fires except on doctors' prescriptions, sir."

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"I don't want fire-water, I want real fire." "Sorry, sir." To-day I went to a famous specialist. I said to him: "Sir, I have a terrible cold. Will you for the price of a consultation give me a prescription for a coal fire?" After hauling me over pretty thoroughly, he sat down and wrote a prescription: "Car. in di. 2 lumps every evening after dinner." That is how I have the fire on my hearth, and how my fingers have thawed sufficiently to write these presents.

I learned yesterday while dining at one of Lyons's famous eating emporiums why London and England are so short of coal. It is not because of the coal strikes, such as the Yorkshire ones, where the men had a stoppage (technical English for strike) because they got a reduction in their hours which somehow interfered with their "snap-up," a sort of second breakfast to which they were accustomed; nor is it on account of the Sinn Fein Congress in Dublin (hardly a word of which leaks into the press); nor because Lloyd George and Wilson have carried their point in the Russian dispute. An elegantly dressed Englishman with a violet in his buttonhole, who confessed to a connection with a ladies' outfitting establishment, and who was dining daintily off a portion of gammon and two welsh rabbits, explained to me that all the English coal had been used up in ferrying American troops over to Château-Thierry.

I thought, of course, with everybody in Paris, that London would be as empty as Washington is no doubt by now. But London is as full as Skaneateles during old home week. "Booked for a month ahead" seems the invariable answer of the Swiss hotel clerks. (This is another grievance of the Englishman—the dilutioning neutral. All the positions that our Socialist friends call the parasite jobs are neatly fitted with neutrals, often with a High German-Swiss accent.) The amount of drink this nation is capable of absorbing would make a Florida sponge feel ashamed. We all lay it to the climate directly or indirectly. But our prohibition movement strikes the British heart with a corresponding douche of terror. Bolshevism! Indeed, I first learned the true definition of Bolshevism from this local prohibition panic. Bolshevism is anything in the way of a social or economic reform that half scares you to death. Two elderly bourgeois, proprietors of small factories, appealed to me in a restaurant the other day on this question of Bolshevism. They mixed up the rise in pay, the strikes, the havoc the new educational bill was playing with child labor in their industries, the dearth of servants, and the matter of prohibition, all into one curry and passed it out to me for judgment. My opinion was that something would have to be done to show the unreasonable working-people their place. On this we all agreed, although they admitted that business was really excellent. It proved to be the future that worried them. A sort of H. G. Well's "clark" whom I met nourished similar ideas. "'E didn't believe in a union of clarks." True, his pay was not half that of the mechanic; but he had a sure future, and "if only the 'ead of 'is department 'ad a-got shot in France, 'e should have been the 'ead and fixed for life." However, a burly teamster, who was my vis-à-vis in a pub the other day, said he didn't care how high the prices were so long as the high pay continued.

Everything has gone up sky-high in price. You cannot eat in the poorest eating place in Soho under three and six. Clothes and amusements are much more expensive than at home, yet there is little report of want. The money is here to buy both necessaries and amusement. You can never get a taxi; you have to wait in line for seats at restaurants; champagne bubbles and pops as with us only on New Year's Eve. Complaints are heard from the super-refined that owing to high wages the submerged from the East End have emerged and are invading the West End cafés. The newspapers print countless articles on unemployment due to demobilization of army and munition factories, yet everywhere shop windows display signs, "Smart boy wanted."

Personally I have found people quite cheerful and optimistic so long as they do not talk about the situation, but the minute the "future" is broached, they burst into tears. "Reconstruction" frightens everybody into a panic. The British public is neurasthenic, like Nora in the "Doll's House." Look at British labor. Nothing but good has happened to it as yet. Wages have not been reduced; unemployment scarcely seems to have reached the figures foretold by the prophets of gloom, yet labor, having been thoroughly imbued with thories about reconstruction, is as restive as a cat. It has all along been obsessed with the idea that peace would bring with it vast upheavals and disturbances. When nothing happens, it is disappointed and begins to work up disturbances of its own. Strikes contrary to the orders of labor leaders break out sporadically. Workmen seem to feel the need of some sort of economic spree. One feels this restlessness in the air. After four years and a half of tension, the average Englishman does not seem ready as yet to settle down to the humdrum. The streets are full of soldiers, many of them from the overseas dominions, most of them idling about luxuriously, waiting departure orders. This infects everybody. Armistice week is not really over yet, and now and then it breaks forth again in impromptu street celebrations, and knots of dancers on a side street fox-trot to the tunes of a hand-organ, for London has been distressingly Americanized. The streets are partially lighted now, though we should call them very dark. But the gloom permits an informality in the crowds never afforded by our river of lights. And American boys say, conceitedly, that their presence has cracked off the crust of formality which formerly encased the Britisher. However that may be, jollity and cheerfulness pervade the town, and none are more cheerful than the convalescents in their blue uniforms seen everywhere on the streets.

Women doing men's work are not really a great success. On the buses they are distinctly less polite than the men used to be. But I have seen a few land-army girls in uniform, splendid Dianas who appear to have blossomed gloriously on the land, even if their crops did not turn out all that was expected. The London policeman is as wonderful as ever, a mine of information, a well of inexhaustible complaisance. As I write another police strike is threatened. I cannot think of such a thing without terror; if there are no bobbies I shall lose myself in trackless London.

Meanwhile one thing proves to me how truly the war is over even if the fate of the world is not yet decided. This is the intense interest the public is taking in a murder and a manslaughter trial whose principals are well known. After four and a half years of carnage, one would imagine that the shooting of one gentleman by another—reason, unwritten code—or the death of an actress from an over-dose of opium given under mysterious circumstances, would not greatly excite the public. Wrong again. The newspapers relegate the Russian question, the league of nations, the coal strike, and demobilization, to the background, while every detail of evidence in these two cases is discussed from every angle.

HENRY G. ALSBERG

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Investiture

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Nightward the gods of evening take their way;
And from their hands the golden chalice falls,
Spilling a wine of twilight through the halls
Of this, the final dwelling-place of day.
Now, from our windows, purpled with the bloom
Of darkness, we can see the eternal snows
Kindle and smoulder like a charnel rose,
Whose flowering spells some old, predestined doom.

O spinners in the silence, can you weave
A garment fit to clothe us at the last?
Dust is no longer regal: we possess
The uttermost that kingship may achieve. . . .
Relieve us of our tarnished crowns, and cast
A cloak of stars upon our restlessness!

In the Driftway

QUOTH Browning's friar:

There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, involves
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure if the other fails.

The Drifter has never succeeded in identifying the text, which may be as mythical as the person who brought the good news from Ghent. It doesn't matter much anyhow. Of more immediate interest is a perfectly well-known text in Corinthians, which may as well be quoted in the original, since the English version is not entirely satisfactory: *νύνι δὲ μένει πίστις, ἐλπίς, ἀγάπη, τὰ τρία ταῦτα· μείζων δὲ τούτων ἡ ἀγάπη* Of these, faith is at present in abeyance; hope still lies *perdu* in Pandora's box, and we can only pray that the coming peace conference may not take the lid off. There remains *ἀγάπη*—"charity" in the authorized version. The Greek word, however rendered, seems to the Drifter to embody pretty nearly all the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, and to embody them in a form comprehensible to the modern, for which we have to thank Paul of Tarsus, who was the first of the modernists. This was brought home to the Drifter the other day when he heard one say, with no great originality, that the Sermon on the Mount is now of merely academic interest. If one habitually turned the other cheek, said the critic, civilization would collapse. Possibly. It is of course a rhetorical trope and needed the Pauline gloss; and it is of importance in view of the fact that now, as never before, are we confronted with the question whether in fact we are, as a nation, believers in Christianity. Other peoples live fairly up to their religious ideals. Mohammed set no very high standard, but such as it is the Turk conforms to it *tant mal que bien.* And what of ourselves? Are we, as represented at the peace conference, going to pursue the Christian doctrine of charity—charity toward all, as one of our own prophets has said—or are we going to treat others—Russia, Germany, neutrals, and the rest—in accordance with the good old heathen plan? A year from now shall we be able to say without self-reproach: "And now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity"?

WHILE the Drifter was pondering these things, he thought of a quotation from a very different source. In the "Anathematica" of the Greek Anthology is the following rather touching epigram, ascribed to Simonides:

Σῶσος καὶ Σωσὼ σωτῆρι τόνδ' ἀνέθηκαν·
Σῶσος μὲν σωθείς, Σωσὼ δ' ὅτι Σῶσος ἐσώθη

Roughly translated, it runs: "Sosos and Soso made this offering to Safety; Sosos because he had been saved, Soso because Sosos had been saved." And it occurred to him that now is the accepted time for the peace conference to make an enduring offering to Safety, not only because we ourselves have been saved, but because the whole world has been saved from the shipwreck that threatened to engulf it—shipwreck for which, incidentally, no one nation or set of nations has been wholly without responsibility.

* * * * *

"NO SIR," said the soldier with one arm to the Drifter; "No, sir, I have no fault to find with anything that has happened to me. I went out to fight in a good war. I did my bit. I got hurt. Now I am back home. I can easily learn a new trade. I shall be all right. But there is one thing that gets me. Do you see that car?" He pointed to a small Ford spinning by. The Drifter saw the car. "There are a hundred thousand of these little flivvers in this land," he continued. "They have been bought by workingmen. That is a fine thing. How did they get the money? They worked for it. Worked for it in ammunition factories and clothing stores and making things for us fellows who did the fighting. That is a fine thing, too. But they got eighty, ninety, a hundred dollars a week and we got thirty dollars a month. I am not complaining. It was enough for us. I never needed more, as I had my board and keep. But it has caused bad blood. We risked everything we had and took what we got, being drafted men. They risked nothing and took what they could get, being independent laboring men. Do you see the difference? When they did not get enough they struck. Then a gentleman from Washington came down and talked to them like a father and gave them what they wanted. If we had struck we would have got a court-martial and a bullet." The Drifter interrupted him: "Then the next time you are drafted you will try and get the job of the stay-at-home?" The answer came promptly and defiantly. "Not by a whole sight. I am going to be right there where they shoot off guns. But there is one thing. They draft us soldiers. Very well, the next time we go they will draft the laboring man, too. Then all will be fair." And with that he turned into a side street and left the Drifter alone on the avenue.

THE DRIFTER

Contributors to this Issue

THOMAS SEWALL ADAMS, professor of political economy in Yale University, is war revenue expert in the Treasury Department.

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GEORGE V. LOMONOSSOFF, professor in the Petrograd Institute of Ways of Communication, was a member of the extraordinary mission sent to the United States by the Kerensky Government, being in charge of all matters concerning railway equipment and supplies. He is still in this country.

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Correspondence

Shakespeare (?) on Bolshevism

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The following verses may be of interest to a few of your readers for two reasons: in the first place, they are taken from a play "Sir Thomas More," which Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, on strong palæographical grounds, would ascribe to Shakespeare; in the second place, they contain sentiments approved by numerous American citizens who, while earnestly working for the improvement of social conditions, believe in upholding law and order.

At this point in the play, a lawless band of London workmen, incensed at their wrongs, have determined to take matters into their own hands and to wreak vengeance upon any one who dares oppose them. Sir Thomas More appears and addresses them as follows (my text is that of Dyce, p. 27, "first printed" for the Shakespeare Society in 1844):

"Graunt them removed, and graunt that this your noyce
Hath chidd downe all the maiestie of Ingland;
Ymagin that you see the wretched straingers,
Their babyes at their backes and their poor luggage,
Plodding tooth ports and costes for transportacion,
And that you sytt as kinges in your desyres,
Aucthoryty quyte sylenct by your braule,
And you in ruff of your opynions clothd;
What had you gott? I'le tell you; you had taught
How insolence and strong hand shoold prevayle,
How ordere shoold be quelld; and by this patterne
Not on [one] of you shoold lyve an aged man,
For other ruffians, as their fancies wrought,
With sealf same hand, sealf reasons, and sealf right,
Woold shark on you, and men lyke ravenous fishes
Woold feed on on another."

G. C. Scoggin

University of Missouri, February 8

Edward Kidder Graham

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Less than five years ago, in a brief survey of the history of the University of North Carolina in connection with the inauguration of Edward Kidder Graham as president, I spoke of the occasion as heralding the beginning of an educational era in North Carolina.* The first brief, brilliant chapter in this new era, with reference to North Carolina, may be said to have come to a close with the sudden, untimely death, from influenza followed by pneumonia, of President Graham at Chapel Hill on October 26 last. The ideal of university extension, which animated him throughout his incumbency as president, found fortunate expression in the initially successful attempt to realize, in the light of modern educational theories and social ideas, the larger mission of the university in a democratic State. The exceptionally warm and widely-expressed approval, by the people of North Carolina, of the policies which he inaugurated and put into effect, as well as the extraordinary demonstration of regret over his loss, constitutes the best evidence of their soundness and success.

As a student of the University of North Carolina (class of '98) Edward Graham made an extraordinary impression upon the life of the institution—by his radiant democracy, his mature judgment, his instinctive grasp of college problems, and his exceptional ability on the platform, as orator and debater, even more than by his high scholarship, genius for friendship, and rich sense of humor. His public addresses, even in his undergraduate days, were marked by beauty of phrasing and depth of content; and more than one of his public utterances in later years belonged in the category of true oratory—emotionally moving in delivery and elevating in appeal. As a teacher of English at his *alma mater*—for a period of thirteen years (1900-1913), as instructor, associate professor, and professor, in turn, he transfused his work with the quality of beauty. He rightly regarded his teaching, not as a task, but as a work of art. His rare success as a teacher was chiefly due to his great gifts of human sympathy and artistic sensitiveness to delicate shades of æsthetic value.

From the national standpoint, Graham gave to the country an inspiring object lesson. It is no less than justice to affirm that in the brief period of his incumbency as president he was rapidly winning national recognition for North Carolina as the Wisconsin of the South. Through ever-widening spheres of influence, he was carrying out a liberal and democratic policy of extension, not as thinly stretching out its resources to the State boundaries for the purpose of protective expansion, nor as carrying down to those without the castle walls broken bits of learning, but as the radiating power of a new passion, carrying in natural circulation the unified culture of the race.

Archibald Henderson

University of North Carolina, January 9

*The University of North Carolina.—Inauguration of President Graham. *The Nation*, May 6, 1915.

Babushka No Monarchist

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Catherine Breshkovsky is being grievously misreported in some of the papers. She is astonished to see how different these reports are from what she really said. As an extreme instance, she tells me she said the other day that she would be willing to work twenty years longer to keep Russia from having another Czar, and one of the papers made her say that she would be willing to work twenty years longer to get the Czar back! I asked her if it were true that women in Russia are required to accept husbands chosen for them by the Government.

"One or two small Soviets proclaimed some such foolishness; but nobody would obey. It was never proposed for all Russia, and it was never carried out anywhere."

She also denied that women have been "nationalized," or made "common property," or that the Government puts any compulsion upon them in matiers of sex. She said to me: "Women have more freedom in Russia now than they ever had before."

As Madame Breshkovsky is strongly opposed to the Bolshevist régime, her denial of this particular charge carries the greater weight.

Alice Stone Blackwell

Dorchester, Mass., February 24

The Growth of Bitterness

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: There has been an extraordinary growth of bitterness within the last few weeks in radical circles and in labor groups not heretofore counted radical. I believe my testimony would be corroborated by most men and women who are in touch with meetings largely attended by the working class. The other day, at a crowded meeting in behalf of political prisoners, certain resolutions were adopted "urging" amnesty. A speaker from the floor hotly protested that the time had come to "demand" amnesty; and declared that if laboring men could not get justice by demanding it, the time would soon come when they would speak from behind machine guns. (Alas, they are more likely now to make their demands in front of machine guns.) The meeting applauded enthusiastically, and this gathering only

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gave outspoken expression to a growing feeling of which speakers on certain platforms become conscious almost from the moment they enter the hall. The speaker who only a few weeks ago met with approval when he urged that the redress of wrongs could be brought about, not by organized violence, but by education, and by political and economic action, is aware of much less sympathy in his audience to-day. It is probably inevitable that the spirit of bitterness and hate engendered in the nationalistic war should pass to the class struggle. Men are becoming desperately in earnest in their demand that this should indeed prove a war for democracy and they are quite willing to contemplate its extension along class lines to secure the freedom which has been so gloriously extolled by our leaders.

A potent force in breeding bitterness is the growing conviction among working men that the Espionage Law and similar measures are being used far more effectively as weapons in the class struggle than they were in the war against Germany. Rose Pastor Stokes is condemned to ten years for saying that she is not for the Government because the Government is for the profiteers; shortly thereafter one of the principals in the raincoat scandal, an army captain, is convicted for two years for profiteering. A young girl is sentenced to fifteen years, and her men comrades to twenty years for opposing our intervention in Russia. A teacher is suspended for expressing some mild doubt whether the Bolsheviki are all devils or pro-Germans. Forty-six I. W. W.'s are all convicted after the kind of trial your correspondent has described. Just what relation have these convictions to the prosecution of a war to make the world safe for democracy? The Senate has appointed a committee to investigate Bolshevism. If by Bolshevism is meant violent revolution, its best propagandists are those who in the face of all history shout for the coercion of agitation as a defence against revolution.

NORMAN THOMAS

New York, February 11

Chaotic Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few weeks ago there arrived in New York city a group of representatives from the Russian Soviets. They have deposited in our banks six million dollars and are placing orders for certain farm implements. Chaotic Russia! I. G.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., February 10

The Protocol and the Strike

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of February 1, you deplore the fact that the protocol question in the ladies' waist and dress industry still hangs in the balance, that "whenever the strike ends and whoever wins—it looks as though the protocol were destined to come out the loser."

May I state the following facts? The protocol, as an instrument of perpetual peace, was done away with two years ago. In January, 1917, the Manufacturers' Association insisted that the life of the protocol be limited to one year. A board of arbitration under the chairmanship of Judge Julian W. Mack made it two years, and left the question of arbitration optional with the parties after the expiration of this agreement on January 1, 1919. Thus the idea of arbitration and perpetual peace in this industry was repudiated by the Manufacturers' Association two years ago. It cannot be too strongly asserted that it was this action of theirs more than anything else that laid the basis for the present strike.

ELIAS LIEBERMAN

New York, February 5

The Superman Committee

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Senate of the Sovereign Soviet Republic of Podolia has just been investigating the report that certain Podolians had travelled abroad and had studied the political experiments of a distant Republic. This is a serious matter and American people ought to know more about it. I should like to report this official inquiry for your well-known liberal paper and as a sample I submit a few pages from the official *Podolian Gazette*. Do you want further particulars?

Podol City, February 21 IVAN IVANOVITCH SCRIPSKY

TRANSCRIPT OF EVIDENCE

SENATOR PRUNE: Tell me whether you were in the habit of having your shoes shined by Boniface Boni, the Bootblack of Eighth Street and Donsky Avenue.

WITNESS: Yes.

SENATOR PRUNE: Did you know at that time that Boni had been convicted of anti-patriotic utterances in the year 1909 and had fled to this country to escape military service?

WITNESS: I did not.

CLERK reads from the record: . . . Said Boniface Boni was found by the Imperial and Royal and Apostolic court of Trieste of having been guilty of disreputable remarks about the Allhighest Emperor and had refused to take service in the Imperial army and had been condemned to twenty months imprisonment at . . .

WITNESS interrupting: But if he was convicted in Trieste and it was in the year 1909 this Boni man was an Italian living under the Austrian yoke, and if he refused to serve the Austrian Emperor he was a patriot . . .

SENATOR PRUNE, shaking his fist at the witness: You need not be impertinent about it. Boni was convicted. That is enough for me.

WITNESS: But I am not on trial.

SENATOR PRUNE: I know it, but I want the American people to know what sort of people you associated with.

SENATOR CUCUMBER: I would like to ask the witness a question. Does the witness believe in the gospel of St. Jerome?

WITNESS: I never heard of it.

SENATOR THISTLE: Pardon the interruption but I believe the Senator for West Tarstaria is guilty of a slight lapse of the tongue. He undoubtedly means the Revelations of St. John.

SENATOR CUCUMBER, with irritation: Never mind what I mean. Let the witness answer the question. Does she believe in the gospel of St. Jerome or does she not?

WITNESS: But there is no such gospel.

SENATOR CUCUMBER: The clerk will please note that the witness has evaded a question about a matter of religious belief.

SENATOR FIG: Will the witness please tell me whether her grandmother was not married to a man called Sagebrush who was hanged for stealing cattle in Rumelia?

WITNESS: My grandmother was married to a man named Sagebrush. But he was not hanged for stealing cattle. He was governor of the State and there is a monument to him in Smirsk.

SENATOR FIG: Then you do not deny that she was married to a Rumelian man?

WITNESS: I do not. I merely deny that my grandfather was hanged.

SENATOR CHAMPIGNON: The grand river Mzupsi rolls majestically through the glorious old state of Ialousina; the terrible Volga creeps dejectedly through the snowclad steppes of the Arctic Ocean.

WITNESS: The Volga flows into the Caspian Sea.

SENATOR CHAMPIGNON: If the witness continues to interrupt us in this impertinent fashion we shall be obliged to punish her for contempt. Call the next witness.

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Literature

Mr. Asquith on the Victorians

Some Aspects of the Victorian Age. By the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith. New York: Oxford University Press. 90 cents.

FROM his survey of the Victorian era Mr. Asquith was compelled by the terms of the Romanes lectureship to exclude "the two great controversial domains of politics and theology," each of which, he rightly says, "absorbed a large part of the energies of the Victorians great and small"; and more than once in this discourse he noticeably chafes at the restriction. But upon other aspects of the period he has sound and shrewd comment to make, and it need scarcely be said that he makes it with dignity, lucidity, and a certain grave charm which one has come definitely to associate with the ex-Premier's written and spoken word.

Those were great days. In the department of literature—to take only one field of Victorian activity—masterpieces were being produced year by year "in almost unrivalled profusion." The lecturer quotes from Sir Edward Clarke's deeply interesting list of the books which appeared during the latter's boyhood from 1850 to 1859. The year 1850, for example, saw the publication of "Pendennis," "In Memoriam," and "Christmas Eve and Easter Day." In 1859, a veritable *annus mirabilis*, were given to the world "Adam Bede," "A Tale of Two Cities," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "The Idylls of the King," FitzGerald's "Omar," and last but far from least, "The Origin of Species." There had been nothing like it since Elizabeth sat on the throne. Browning and Meredith, it must be admitted, had to wait long enough for general recognition, but, as Mr. Asquith says with considerable penetration, "the real criticism of both Browning and Meredith in this respect would seem to be that, having a rare, if not unique, command of the resources of language, they became by choice or by caprice experimentalists—one might almost say adventurers—in the art of expression. They teased their contemporaries." And he is prompt to recognize that "it is the Novelists rather than the Poets who have left the deepest imprint on popular imagination and popular speech." He pokes gentle fun at the Cantabrigian weakness of Macaulay for assigning places in an imaginary order of merit to writers who had won his admiration, and he recalls pleasantly those ancient debates on the relative merits of Dickens and Thackeray, Tennyson and Browning, Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot. Even in our own sophisticated time we have heard great argument about Wells and Bennett, Yeats and Bridges, and the lesser contemporary pairs. Upon the Preacher-general of those years (for so one may not unfairly term Matthew Arnold) Mr. Asquith again says the right word: "What drove Arnold into the pulpit was not so much moral resentment at the social paradoxes of his time as intellectual irritation and impatience at the stupidity and sterility of contemporary life." Perhaps Arnold's inherited and pronounced didacticism had something to do with it, too.

To the greatest of Balliol's Masters, and his own tutor in the great days gone, it is natural that Mr. Asquith should pay generously pious tribute; and he lays his finger with accuracy upon what was the defect of a hardly less famous Oxonian, T. H. Green, when he stresses the "almost angular individuality which perhaps made him a less effective propagandist outside than his more fluent and facile fellow-thinker Edward Caird." But Mr. Asquith is not wholly fair in his unsympathetic reference to that superb scholar and much misunderstood man, Mark Pattison. To Pattison's influence on academic studies in England, and his constant fatherly encouragement of younger scholars, adequate recognition has never yet been accorded. Indeed, Mr. Asquith, without disturbing the symmetry of his survey, might to our great gain have devoted a page or two to the scholars and scholarship of the Victorian age. Never in the annals of British culture has the national scholarship been so splendidly fruitful. Conington, H. A. J. Munro (perhaps the greatest of them all), Jebb, Sellar, Robinson Ellis,—what a galaxy! Nor ought one to forget Goldwin Smith, who has been compared to Burke, and of whom Morley has declared in his "Reminiscences": "Certainly no one wrote more perfect English, or was his equal—not even Dizzy himself—in the way of pungent controversy." From the brief paragraph devoted to the historians of the period, it is easy to see that Mr. Asquith favors the twopence-colored rather than the penny-plain variety of historical writing. "The matter," he concludes urbanely, "had been settled many centuries ago by Thucydides."

Of the scientists he singles out for mention Faraday, Joule, Kelvin, and Lyell. Perhaps Kelvin was, on the whole, the greatest of the four. To-day, when the classics are not by any means the only pedagogic wear, it may be salutary to recall Kelvin's advocacy of the retention of Greek in the curriculum of the universities. "Of Greek," he remarked profoundly, "even a very moderate extent is of great value." No survey of Victorian achievement could omit reference to the controversies evoked by the publication of "The Origin of Species," and Mr. Asquith gives an entertaining account of Disraeli's notorious speech in the Sheldonian Theatre,—"Is Man an ape or an angel? My Lord, I am on the side of the angels!"

But those, at their worst, were after all but tea-cup tempests; and, looking back, we may well think of the English world of the sixties and seventies as lying sheltered in a haven of security and happiness. To-day the storm is on us, and we have dragged our anchor. Meanwhile it is pleasant to recall and fix the *Manes Acheronte remissos.* England stands no longer where she did. The Prince Consort's ailments have ceased to be as topical as the weather. The Oxford of Verdant Green is now the Oxford of the Rhodes Scholar and the heathen Chinee; and Wadham is no longer governed, as they used to say it was, by a Trinity consisting of Three Persons and no God. After Delane —a long way—comes Northcliffe. Merrie England is dead and gone. And the end is not yet.

The "Lost Provinces"

Alsace-Lorraine: Past, Present, and Future. By Coleman Phillipson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $8.

Alsace-Lorraine. Described and pictured by George Wharton Edwards. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company. $6.

AMONG all the books on Alsace-Lorraine it would perhaps be difficult to find two more unlike than those of Mr. Phillipson and Mr. Edwards. Mr. Edwards's book contains a great many sumptuous illustrations, and the text deals successively with various cities and villages in the discursive, impressionist, and anecdotal way that is itself hardly more than piquantly illustrative of the subject. The inevitable anti-German prejudice is everywhere expressed with vigor, but with so little discrimination as to leave one in doubt whether the author knows much of his subject apart from what may be called its decorative aspects. In the "Foreword" we learn that "the one dominating purpose of the people of Alsace-Lorraine is their reunion with the mother country: France. A temporary or final autonomy for the Lost Provinces, this 'Land of Unshed Tears,' is out of the question. The people do not want it. . . . They would not even discuss it. The people of Alsace-Lorraine consider themselves French and a part of France."

Such unqualified statements in respect to so complicated a situation as that which exists in Alsace-Lorraine are always futile; but they strike one as more than ordinarily so after reading Mr. Phillipson's book. Mr. Phillipson has mastered the best secondary sources, and has given us a careful, well balanced, and systematic presentation of the whole question. Apart from the first three chapters, the book deals with the history of Alsace-Lorraine since 1870, and with the various suggestions

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for a "solution" of the problem—reännexation to France, autonomy within the Empire, independence, partition between France and Germany. The work is well proportioned and accurate, and the author goes on the assumption that knowledge and honest thinking will be worth more in the long run than declamation inspired by even the finest brand of moral indignation. Mr. Phillipson has given us what is, as far as the reviewer is aware, the best account of the subject in English.

Since it seems now settled that the provinces are to go back to France, the discussion of the various possible solutions is already somewhat academic. Mr. Phillipson rightly insists that the determining factor should be the wishes of the people of Alsace-Lorraine themselves, and he has given much thought to the conditions under which a fair plebiscite could be conducted. He by no means takes it for granted that they would vote to be annexed to France, for he thinks that during the last fifty years they have come to have a kind of individuality of their own. They are, he says, strictly speaking, neither French nor German,—they are themselves; and they wish chiefly to be allowed to manage their own affairs in their own way. Realizing that prophecy is always dangerous, Mr. Phillipson nevertheless hazards the opinion that if such a plebiscite as he suggests could have been taken before the war, the result would have been in favor of autonomy within the Empire, while if it could have been taken at the time of writing (which was probably in late 1917 or in early 1918) the result would have been in favor of neutralized independence. The Alsace-Lorrainers would certainly prefer annexation to France to remaining under the Empire on the old conditions; but Mr. Phillipson thinks that reannexation would prove a solution of doubtful efficacy "unless the economic organization and system of commercial relationships of western Europe be altered in such a way as to assure a supply of coal and iron equally and impartially to those who are in need thereof."

This statement is no doubt true; but it implies a certain confusion in the use of the term "solution." Mr. Phillipson appears not to have distinguished the problem of Alsace-Lorraine in respect to the wishes of the Alsace-Lorrainers and in respect to the interest of France and Germany in the coal and iron fields of Alsace-Lorraine. From the point of view of the people of Alsace-Lorraine, the "solution" is, as Mr. Phillipson insists, a question of how they want to live politically: if they want to join France politically, then that should be a satisfactory solution of the Alsace-Lorraine question in that respect; if they do not, then it would not be a satisfactory solution whatever changes might be made in the economic and commercial relations of western Europe. On the other hand, the question of French and German interest in the coal and iron fields of Alsace-Lorraine is only one aspect of a much wider problem—the problem of international competition for control of raw materials and the possession of favorable markets for the disposal of surplus commodities; and it is not a rash prediction to say that this problem will not be satisfactorily solved, whatever disposition is made of Alsace-Lorraine politically, unless some coöperative method shall replace the old competitive method of international commercial relationships.

If Mr. Phillipson exaggerates the importance of Alsace-Lorraine in respect to the peace, it is perhaps due to the fact that he has exaggerated its importance as a cause of the war. Alsace-Lorraine, he says, while not the immediate cause of the war, was the "proximate cause" of it, since the war was the result of a long period of political tension in Europe growing out of the "irreconcilable character of the relationship between France and Germany." This is to "localize" the deeper causes of the war with a vengeance. The immediate cause of the war was certainly the determination of the ruling caste in Germany to make use of a favorable opportunity to bring it about; but the fundamental cause was as certainly the fact that the political organization of the European world was violently out of harmony with its economic organization. In economic needs and in industrial organization the European world was intimately associated and interrelated; in politics it was divided and antagonistic. This was the condition that produced the war, and it is the condition that must be remedied if peace is to be permanent. As long as the great states all have vital need for raw materials and markets outside their political jurisdiction, yet proceed upon the political theory of absolute sovereignty, conceiving it to be not only the right but the duty of each state to exaggerate as well as to satisfy its needs in these respects at the expense of any or all other states by means of colonial extension, special "concessions" in "backward" countries, and exclusive tariffs, war will always be the final and effective card in the diplomatic game.

To solve this difficulty the political organizations of Europe must be brought into some sort of harmony with its economic organization. And no formal league of nations superimposed upon the old political framework, no mere institutional machinery which lies rusting during times of peace and is only set in motion when war is impending, will suffice. General Smuts has stated the essential requirements in his thoughtful "Plan for a League of Nations," printed in the *Nation* for February 8:

"It is not sufficient for the league merely to be a sort of *deus ex machina*, called in in very grave emergencies when the spectre of war appears; if it is to last, it must be much more. It must become part and parcel of the common international life of states, it must be an ever visible, living, working organ of the polity of civilization. It must function so strongly in the ordinary peaceful intercourse of states that it becomes irresistible in their disputes; *its peace activity must be the foundation and guarantee of its war power.*"

This view of the situation gives us Alsace-Lorraine in proper perspective,—a result rather than the cause of those general conditions which produced the war.

The Nature of Morale

Morale and Its Enemies. By William Ernest Hocking. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50.

Morale. By Harold Goddard. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.

THE "imponderables" of warfare have expanded in the newer insight into the psychology of the war-spirit and of the soldier. Professor Hocking presents his topic in this light, and carries his purpose to a practical as well as a philosophical conclusion. Morale, he tells us, is to the mind what condition is to the body. Latter-day moralists have rediscovered in the terms of a more conscious technique that what men live by is one thing, and what they live on is another. Morale is the sustaining power of action. It finds physiological support in the mobile reserves which nature supplies in the choice of the effort to resist as against that to succumb or run away; by the same token is it associated with pugnacity. But the central principle of psychology, applied to human traits as now exercised, is that they function not only in their original service and setting, but far more comprehensively in their transferred and socially evolved status. Our pugnacities, as our angers, remain; but the direction in which we use them and restrain them marks, as it elevates, their career. Anger is noble only in the noble; moral indignation is its finer manifestation. A French artist pictures the Kaiser gazing in consternation upon the hosts of Americans in the fields of France, and asking: "What ships brought them here?" The answer is: "The *Lusitania*." The phantom ship scarred on the memories of men until it fired their determinations by way of their convictions,—that is one phase of morale.

It is because the Germans easily commit themselves to theories and make them loudly, even blatantly, articulate, that the late war forms an ideal example to enforce the value of the imponderables, among which is morale. It was the German error to suppose that the soul, or however else we designate the seat

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of morale, could be controlled by scientific management; and to forget that no set of ideas can stand up and endure against the combined determinations of moralized nations. As a consequence of the same moralization, the modern nation at war inquires less who the enemy may be than what he has chosen. War aims and the manner of their defense, the restraints exercised in the conduct of war, become the measure of a people's morale; by it causes stand and fall. The communal character of morale, the culminating product of the herd, stamps its nature. Individually felt, it is socially generated; it is a state virtue, sharing in the gregarious flavor and temper by which alone the supreme achievements of men are made possible. The same socializing forces that make a state possible and an army possible inhere in its morale. It was the German miscarriage to build upon the weakness of a world conscience. Retaining its protective function by the combined force of numbers and organization, the State enters its true service when it raises the level of the day's work.

The common foundations of morale determine the superstructure. But this acquires a specialized expression in the soldier; it is his morale that decides the issue of war. Soldiering is more than the profession of arms, though it there acquires its concentrated and accredited employment. The soldier is the man who lives ever at the frontier: he lives where law and order have broken down, also where they are to be created. Equally apt is Professor Hocking's characterization of the soldier as the man who is unwilling to be the protected person. In older days the rest of mankind were in a sense peculiar, and the career of the soldier and the soldierly qualities formed the common lot. The taunt of a "nation of shopkeepers" still carries a sting. The modern soldier is typically a transformed civilian. His psychology is distinctive by reason of the different perspective of qualities that count in peace and in war. War not only calls for other deeds; it tests character in new places. By contrast, the civilian life, where everything is to be gained by wit and nothing by courage, seems flat and repellent. War calls upon the ancient and direct, the primitive virtues. Psychologically it simplifies, deals in yes and no, in black and white, and not in puzzling shades of gray. For the soldier the thrust of his will is concentrated; where for the civilian it is complexly balanced, and may readily be sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought and the uncertain shades of conflicting interests. The war motive is supplied by the State; thus, the communal feeling is enhanced when the technique of command and obedience supplies the all-sufficient guide to action.

Through such removal from the accustomed standards and employments, the restraints engendered in the homely adjustments of peace are relaxed; and the forces set free by the danger of the physical encounter open to operate beyond the field of their necessity. The function of morale, as of morality—from which it comes in direct lineage,—is to safeguard other instincts and endeavors. The too tender and sentimental seem to its temper sickly; strong indulgence is congenial to the strong life. The lightly anchored souls react in one way, the firmly anchored in another. The art of morale-building finds its technique in this parental situation. It calls to its aid discipline, prestige, collective and personal pride, the home ties, imagination, conviction; its aim is the completeness of dedication that removes fear and volunteers for sacrifice.

Touching with skill and sympathy upon one and another of the general features and the special color-scheme that morale assumes under the chiaroscuro of the environment, Professor Hocking presents a significant picture, not hardened in detail, but broadly suggestive. In the maturing of his conclusions he has had the advantage of contact with the front, and with the men at home preparing for the overseas venture. His is not an armchair study, but maintains the cherished tradition of philosophic insight combined with a pragmatic understanding, that runs through American psychology and owes its prestige to the master-mind of William James.

The author has done well to call his volume "Morale and Its Enemies"; he has done well in denouncing, as the most menacing of its foes in the American *milieu*, the lust of profiteering. The sins of society develop with its complications, and each nation carries the defects of its peace qualities into the conduct of war. The American quality of informality—so strikingly in contrast with the formalism and mechanization of the German—becomes the outward sign of an easy-going democracy. With it is associated the ready transition from fun to business,—again in contrast to the unbending discipline of the Prussian. Fun is an asset of soldierly morale; it proves a margin of reserve. But the political-mindedness which has assumed so unintelligent a form under the *laissez faire* spirit, exhibits an indifference toward invasions of the public interest under the ægis of business, and thus obscures the disloyalty of profiteering. Where it loses the sanction of business, it reaches for that of fun or sport. This trait induced Mr. Wells to refer to Americans as "state-blind." The hope is near that the intensity of national feeling won by the supreme sacrifice and the readiness to make it, will react upon the complacency that has endured or weakly opposed what should have been branded with the deepest condemnation.

Mr. Goddard's essay is a slighter one, addressed to a less reflective clientele. Within these limitations it is effective and well sustained. It likewise carries the flavor and the conviction of a psychological argument. Mr. Goddard stretches the meaning of morale so that it comes to embrace the sum of motives that find expression in the support of action. He recognizes the gregarious roots of the war psychology, and its appeal to the primitive traits made strong under simpler conditions of social encounter. He brings forward in somewhat too didactic fashion the several sources of morale in pride and affection, in discipline and the zest of adventure, in conviction and the justice that is determined to right wrongs, in the loyalty that supersedes self. He uses the Prussian failure to enforce the Allied success, proving that the balance of power resides in the quality of loyalty.

To the fair appraisal of the moral qualities, and the imponderable assets that played a part in the victory, the retrospective mood is more favorable than the stress of a campaign. It is well that it should be so, since the problem of the hour requires a return to the perspective in which this order of consideration must be dominant. The permanence of peace depends upon the injection of the same conceptions that lend significance to morale into the social structure of the future. Justice, self-determination, freedom from intrigue, the placing of principle above expediency, the indoctrination of a new order in which what has been second or still lower in consideration shall be first,—these reconstructions proceed upon the victories of morale.

Incognito and Alias

Tin Cowrie Dass. By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.25.

The Man Nobody Knew. By Holworthy Hall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

Three Live Ghosts. By Frederic S. Isham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50.

The Curious Quest. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.50.

IF the hero in disguise or under an alias is among the imperishable assets of the romancer, he is that not only in the mechanical guise of the man masked for a purpose, detective or Secret Service agent of current romance, but in the elder and more ingenuous form of long-lost heir or Prince incognito. Mr. Rideout long ago, after one or two promising experiments in realism, frankly placed himself among the story-tellers in the bazaar. And he accepted at once the axiom that there are only a few romantic motives, and the thing is to choose the best of them and handle them as if they had never been handled before. In this instance it is the long-lost Prince he wishes to make alive again. For setting he dares nothing less than the realm of Kipling, the young Kipling of the "Plain Tales": happily there is as little as may be of either Kipling or "O. Henry"

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in his manner. Romancing is his own art, and he has developed a swift yet flowing style markedly in contrast with the brusque and staccato utterance of our too-popular models. The story of "Tin Cowrie Dass," and his transformation from punkah-wallah and "dog's brother" in a Hindu village to agent of the British Government upon a perilous enterprise, and thence to incumbent of that Ivory Throne which is really his by birthright,—all this involves a fine bit of writer's magic, not to be analyzed here. "The Man Nobody Knew," on the other hand, is a made thing,—an example of the kind of fiction the magazines like for their "serials." There is little art in it, but there is a novel idea or situation, developed with a plenitude of rather careless and obvious artifice, and sentimentalized without stint. An American ne'er-do-well leaves home under a cloud, enlists in the Foreign Legion, has his face shot away. In hospital, presently, they ask him what kind of new face he would like to have, and he flings them in mockery a postcard reproduction of a Rembrandt Christ some pious visitor has left on his cot. So the surgeons give him that "radiant face," and he goes back to Syracuse, New York, and fools all his old acquaintances except (here is where the final "punch" comes in) the girl of his heart; and after a good deal of manœuvring under the somewhat arbitrary orders of the commanding author, matters are permitted to come to that satisfactory conclusion of which we have been comfortably assured from the first page. It is all needlessly elaborated and strung out —matter for a tale, or at most a novelette.

"Three Live Ghosts" is a whimsical treatment of the Prince-in-disguise theme. The Prince chances to be an English lord of reckless habits who goes over to France with the first volunteers in the late war, is presently missing, and later officially reported dead. After many months he and two companions make their escape from a German prison camp to find that they are no longer legally alive. For the other two, a Cockney loafer and a stray American, this is of small consequence, but his lordship would be able to prove his identity easily enough. However, he has his reasons for delay, and the three, sharing fortunes, are nearly at the end of their resources when it occurs to him to steal into his own house and make free with the contents of his own safe. What keeps him from declaring himself is chiefly his uncertainty about the young wife he has treated none too well; does she want him to come to life? When this question had been answered in the affirmative we are of course hard on the happy ending; in the meantime there is a good deal of amusing if slightly far-fetched comedy to be gone through with. Our vague impression of the story as a whole would be that it is the kind of material Barrie might have dealt with irresistibly, while the present performance may be resisted with ease. And so to Mr. Oppenheim! Here is a romancer who knows his audience so well, and is so sure of his powers as a performer, that he does not hesitate to trot out as his own some of the oldest tricks known to the profession. Observe the prestidigitation of his present title, "The Curious Quest," with its implication of novelty. Yet "The Same Old Stunt" would have been more to the purpose. For here is that favorite modern variant of the "prince" business—the rich man playing pauper. We had a form of it a week or two ago in "Buck," by Charles D. Stewart. We are always having it in some form. Mr. Oppenheim comes down to first principles and represents his young English millionaire laying a wager with a contemptuous physician that he is man enough to go out and make his own living for a year, without in any way relying on his wealth or social position for his personal benefit. And an amusing story he makes of it. Artist would be too grave a word to apply to this writer, but we have had no improvisator of such spontaneity and adroitness since Marion Crawford. If his be a parlor magic, it is still the best of its kind. We cannot affect to share the opinion of him which seems to be a fashion, ranking him with the cheap-Jacks of current fiction. His commodity may not be what you want, but it is honestly made, and the workman has enjoyed the making of it; and for this much may be forgiven.

Books in Brief

JOUBERT'S words, "Ayons le cœur et l'esprit hospitaliers," must recur to many readers of anything by John Galsworthy, with his persistent plea for the open mind. In "Another Sheaf" (Scribners; $1.50), he appears once more as the persuasive advocate of re-testing, the unflinching assailant of unimaginative morality and stereotyped economics. This attitude of the author and the fact that these collected papers discuss topics naturally arising from the war and reconstruction save the volume from the irritating disunity one might expect to find in twelve occasional essays. Thus, the chapter entitled "The Sacred Work" enlarges upon the effort of gratitude to restore the shattered soldier, wisely insisting that such a restoration is as much a matter of spirit as of body; while the hundred pages of "Grotesques," after adventurously projecting us into 1947 and introducing the Angel Æthereal with his dragoman, toy cheerily but effectively with such themes as divorce, amusements, rural conditions, and the new country-effacing cities wherein the imported tabloid foods are expanded to support the helpless British Isles. The nature of the remaining essays may be gathered with fair accuracy from such captions as "France, 1916-17," "Englishman and Russian," "American and Briton," "The Land (1917 and 1918)," "Anglo-American Drama and Its Future." Under the vaguer title, "Speculations," the reader will find some stimulating reflections on our present civilization and how it is going to "pan out." (Mr. Galsworthy seems to be growing fond of American turns of expression.) If our author does not present much in this connection that is entirely original, he does drive home his pleading by a very vivid and forceful presentation. "We are, I believe, awakening to the dangers of this 'Gadarening,' this rushing down the high cliff into the sea, possessed and pursued by the devils of—machinery. But if any man would see how little alarmed he really is—let him ask himself how much of his present mode of existence he is prepared to alter. Altering the modes of other people is delightful; one would have great hope of the future if we had nothing before us but that." Or again: "By courage and kindness modern man exists, warmed by the glow of the great human fellowship. He has re-discovered the old Greek saying: 'God is the helping of man by man'; has found out in his unselfconscious way that if he does not help himself, and help his fellows, he cannot reach that inner peace which satisfies. To do his bit, and to be kind! It is by that creed, rather than by any mysticism, that he finds the salvation of his soul." Naturally, in a volume of this nature one will often encounter grounds for amicable doubt or even belligerent protest; but Mr. Galsworthy himself would be the first to approve of this testing spirit. *Sic itur—pedetentim et gradatim —ad astra*, if we may take *astra* as equivalent to a better order of things.

UNTIL very recent times, British rule in India has been much praised and little criticised, or at least adverse criticism has not penetrated the public mind. The nature of that rule was supposedly benevolent, and in the interest of those ruled. But such an opinion suffers under the scathing criticism of Lajpat Rai in his new book, "England's Debt to India" (Huebsch; $2). In an earlier work entitled "Young India," Mr. Rai asserted that his countrymen possessed no political rights or freedom. In "England's Debt to India" he discusses the British fiscal policy in India. Just how ruinous that policy has been may be gauged, according to the author, by a glance at India's national wealth, at her yearly income, her national debt, and the expense of the British administration. Under native rulers, from the eleventh century to 1769, India experienced only eighteen famines; since the British have ruled the land, thirty-seven such visitations have occurred. Despite untold national resources, and a population of three hundred millions to develop them, India has now only a per capita national wealth of £11, and

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a per capita annual income of only £2. Although its people were in a state of chronic poverty, India up to the end of 1916 had contributed £77,000,000 toward England's war expenses, not including lavish contributions made by ruling princes and chiefs or some £2,000,000 in other private gifts. Meanwhile prices of necessities had increased over one hundred per cent., and millions were literally starving. Nevertheless, in 1917 the Government of India and the Secretary of State for India decided to exact an additional sum of £100,000,000 from the country. The decision was merely announced to the Indian Legislature, yet "British statesmen have called it a 'free gift' and have thanked the latter for their 'generosity.'" This "gift" means an additional annual burden of £6,000,000 on the Indian taxpayer, £5,000,000 of which will have to be raised by new taxation. Mr. Rai, basing his statements on material and data from English writers, asserts that India has paid the entire cost of her conquest and a large proportion of the expenses of all wars engaged in by England since India has been under British control. Between 1858, when the British crown took over the government of India from the East India Company, and 1914, the Indian national debt increased from £70,000,000 to £307,391,121. Mr. Rai indignantly repudiates the claim that this debt represents a commercial transaction from which India received a return in the shape of productive works; and he charges that it is largely tribute to England and a drain of India's wealth. He believes that British policy in India is responsible for the destruction of Indian industries, and the failure to establish new ones. Home Rule within the Empire would, according to Mr. Rai, go far toward remedying the evil conditions which he sets forth. It would, for one thing, give India fiscal autonomy—the right to make her budget according to her own resources and needs. That, of course, is not a very revolutionary proposal. In fact, throughout his book, despite its note of indignation and rather aggressive patriotism, Mr. Rai realizes that India's future is closely knit with that of the British Empire. His attack is not against the humanity of that Empire, but against the defects and abuses that weaken it. As the war is over, India cannot now bring material pressure to bear in behalf of her claim for Home Rule. Her only resource is to appeal to the innate British sense of fairness and sportsmanship. At the beginning of the war, the English suffragettes abandoned their militant tactics and loyally supported the Empire. India did the same thing. The suffragettes gained their goal by their generosity; and possibly India will receive her reward also, in the form of Home Rule. For that is the only way in which England can pay her debt to India.

ALMOST, if not quite, the first thing that Edith Sichel wrote for publication was "Jenny," the story of a girl in Wapping, which appeared in the *Cornhill* for December, 1887. This story was written from an intimate knowledge acquired in the course of the author's philanthropic work in the East End of London. Included in the selection from Miss Sichel's works now published, with an Introduction by A. C. Bradley, under the title, "New and Old" (Dutton; $5), is the remarkable story "Gladys Leonora Pratt," dealing with a woman of the same type as Jenny, and written twenty years later than the previous tale, but never before published. A frequent contributor to magazines and other periodicals, Miss Sichel's chief interest lay in her work in what she called "the mad world of Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, and Shadwell." For the girls of the East End she started and for many years maintained the Hambledon Home, and she gave freely of her personal services to other homes and schools for the children of the submerged tenth. The present selection from her works contains a story or two, several book reviews (all good of their kind), extracts from her letters, and a collection of not very striking aphorisms here called "Thoughts," though the author's own name for them was "fool flashes." Although a Christian, she yet preserved her racial feeling as a Jewess, and in one of her letters she writes rather characteristically: "Prague was grim and fascinating. . . One wants to leave it at once and yet it haunts one. I felt this especially in the Jewish cemetery—the oldest, proudest, and most desolate place I have seen. It gave me a strange feeling to stand at the tombstone of our tribe, 900 A. D., and see its symbol (each headstone has the name in a picture, the name never written); in our case (the tribe of Levi) a tall jug. . . . The sign of those learned in the Talmud is a bunch of grapes. The oldest scholar's grave is 600 A. D., and heaven knows how many great old rabbis lie there, memorable and forgotten, below their stone clusters of grapes."

A BOOK evidently written for those of the author's own race, to whom it will naturally prove of most interest, is Freeman Henry Morris Murray's "Emancipation and the Freed in American Sculpture" (published by the author). It deals primarily with works commemorative of the act of Emancipation, but includes also most, if not all, American sculptures having to do with the Negro or other African races. It is regrettable, if perfectly natural, that Mr. Murray's estimate of the works considered should be based almost entirely upon what he considers the relative nobility and breadth of the conceptions embodied in them, and should nearly ignore the more purely artistic values. In the case of Edmonia Lewis's "Freedom" he was, indeed, betrayed into writing on second-hand information of a group he had not seen; and we can imagine that the revelation of its artistic ineptitude, when the belated photograph finally arrived, must have been a shock to him, though he says (in his postscript) no more than that "the photograph from which our plate was made is a poor one and almost certainly fails to do the group justice." But in the consideration of Mrs. Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller's group called "Emancipation" he betrays a readiness to accept the author's explanation of what she meant as a measure of what she has actually done, which is scarcely critical. We are the less inclined to attribute his kindness to these ladies (both colored) to race prejudice, as he shows a similar tendency to take intention for achievement in the case of W. W. Story's very mediocre "Libyan Sibyl" and in that of the Rogers groups. In a note Mr. Murray apparently tries to prove that there are no artistically important anatomic differences between the African and European races other than those of feature; he quotes Dr. D. G. Brinton to the effect that measurements have proved that the greater length of the heel bone in the Negro is apparent only, and is due to the smallness of the calf and the slenderness of the main tendon, immediately above the heel. Inasmuch as art deals with appearances, it surely does not matter for purposes of art whether the difference is real or apparent; but are not smallness of calf and slenderness of tendon as "real" as length of bone? We do not believe that any competent draughtsman of the figure, who has studied both races, will deny that there are readily recognizable differences of form in several parts of the body between the Negro and the white man; nor can we see why racial pride should be any less inclined to admit their existence than to admit differences of features or of the color of the skin. As Mr. Murray himself has said: "What Black Folk really need, and should strive for, is not the Caucasian's physical features, but the Caucasian's opportunity."

THE events leading up to the war and the responsibility of Germany as the principal factor in bringing on the catastrophe are being stated again very fully, and in the light of materials not hitherto available or not generally used, by the author of "J'Accuse," in an extensive work of which the first volume has already been noticed in this journal, and of which the second, "Antecedents of the Crime" (Doran; $2.50), has just appeared. The author, gathering vigor and inspiration as he goes, now promises a third volume also. There can be no doubt that his work is worthy of serious attention. It is much fuller than Beck's well-known study; and it will probably appeal to a wider circle of readers than the workaday volume of Stowell and the sober though excellent writing of Headlam, for it is written with eloquence and enthusiasm. There is also in the

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work a great deal to repay the more special student. And yet it is not easy to escape the conviction that either the narrative is superfluous or it has not been done in quite the right way. Either the author or the translator writes in the manner of a passionate orator, and on many occasions even where the conclusions prove to be sound the style tends to awaken suspicion. The author, moreover, from the very ardor with which he examines and denounces, has often the manner of one filled with petty wrath and personal grievance, contending with more warmth than dignity and more passionate eloquence than historical or critical method. None the less, we believe these faults to be superficial rather than intrinsic, and the work is an important though temporary contribution to the literature of the subject.

OF Lincoln anthologies there are many, but probably no rivals, for comprehensiveness, to "The Book of Lincoln" (Doran; $2.50), compiled by Mrs. Mary Wright-Davis and running to four hundred octavo pages. Some appropriate preliminary matter, including a few of Lincoln's most famous addresses and a Lincoln pedigree and chronology, is followed by a hundred and more pieces of verse, including three in French, from the pens of Lincoln admirers—a generous selection, but, of course, not inclusive of quite all that such a book might contain. Henry Howard Brownell's "Abraham Lincoln," for example, is omitted, perhaps on account of its length; and though place is made for other poems having so little to do with Lincoln as the one beginning "We are coming, Father Abraham," search fails to reveal Stedman's stirring lines remembered for their ringing refrain, "Abraham Lincoln, give us a *Man!*" The poem, "Three Hundred Thousand More" (though not so entitled by Mrs. Wright-Davis), which is commonly attributed to the prolific "Anon.," is correctly ascribed by her to James Sloan (or, as she writes it, Sloane) Gibbons. Many illustrations, chiefly Lincoln portraits, are provided.

IN the preface to his recent book on "Painters, Pictures, and the People" (San Francisco: Philopolis Press) Professor Eugen Neuhaus complains that "many books on art are over the heads of the masses," and he has evidently determined that his own shall not have this defect. Certainly it is difficult to imagine it as over the heads of any conceivable public. It is not only elementary (not to say rudimentary) in thought, but exceedingly "popular" and slovenly in style, this passage on mission furniture being a fair example in point: "Rightly it is no decorative style at all. It refrains from using any period forms of European origin. It is content to be plain and devoid of any curlycues and dewjiggers and is just plain American." And the paragraph goes on with four more full stops in eight lines. We regret these faults the more because the book is right in its main ideas, and we should have been glad to see them enforced in a manner acceptable to that fairly educated public which needs instruction in art quite as much as, or more than, do "the masses."

BOSTON has a notable record as the founder of benevolent institutions, conspicuous among which is the Massachusetts Humane Society, established in 1786 "for the recovery of persons who meet with such accidents as produce in them the appearance of death," and soon afterward enlarging its functions to include the alleviation of human miseries in general. In a substantial volume from the practised hand of M. A. DeWolfe Howe, and entitled "The Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts" (beautifully printed for the Society at the Riverside Press, Cambridge), the record of this organization's beneficent activities is chronologically set forth, with fitting accompaniment of portraits and other illustrations and of documentary material from the Society's archives. The list of officers, members, and benefactors of the Society is impressive—an adjective that may, indeed, be applied to the dignified volume as a whole.

Literary Notes

"Eddies of the Day" is the title of a forthcoming collection of essays by the English novelist, W. L. George.

That veteran English writer, H. B. Marriott Watson, has in press with the Robert J. Shores Corporation a new story entitled "Denyer's Double."

A second volume of verse by Scudder Middleton, author of "Streets and Faces," is announced by the Macmillan Company. "The New Day" is its title.

The University of California Press has in course of preparation no less than sixty-four publications, including a semi-centennial series of about fifty volumes.

A collection of "Essays in Romantic Literature" by the late George Wyndham has been edited for early publication by Charles Whibley, who will contribute an Introduction to the volume.

"Democracy, Discipline, and Peace," by William Roscoe Thayer, appears among the early Spring announcements of Houghton Mifflin Company. The volume is described as "a study of the fundamental nature of the present crisis."

Marcel Nadaud's fascinating romance of the French aviation service which, in Miss Florence Converse's remarkable translation has been delighting readers of the *Atlantic* recently, is soon to be published in book form by Doubleday, Page & Company. "Birds of a Feather" is the English title.

Ralph Adams Cram has in press a new book entitled "Walled Towns," which is described in the announcement as "a plea for revival of the monastic ideal of life in communities devoted to thought." Mr. Cram's publishers, the Marshall Jones Company, will also issue shortly a new and revised edition of his "Nemesis of Mediocrity."

The second part of Professor Caroline Spurgeon's "Five Hundred Years of Chaucer Criticism and Allusion, 1357-1900," has just appeared in England, under the auspices of the Chaucer Society. It contains the text of the criticisms and allusions to Chaucer in English literature from 1801 to 1850. The work in its entirety represents a really gigantic task of critical research.

"The Irish Issue in Its American Aspect," by Shane Leslie, which Fisher Unwin will publish soon, is a collection of essays on John Mitchell, Parnell, the Redmonds, Sinn Fein, Pearse, Kettle, Carson, and Casement. There is also a long essay, "The Winning of the United States," dealing with the relations of America and England from the time of the American Revolution to the present.

An English translation of George Duhamel's "Civilization," which won the Goncourt prize last year, will be published soon by The Century Company. In a previous work entitled "La Vie du Martyr," M. Duhamel gave us perhaps the most moving and terrible picture of the war, in its effects upon the human body and soul, that we have yet had. His new book consists of ten brief sketches founded upon his experiences as a surgeon with the French army.

The first novel of a new writer has seldom received such extended and flattering attention as the English press is now according to "Martin Schüler," by Miss Romer Wilson. It is the story of a German musical genius, and according to the London *Athenaeum* it "takes one deep into Germany—German society, German atmosphere, German landscape—and makes one forget the War as entirely as if it had never been." The book is soon to be published on this side of the water by Messrs. Holt.

In the manuscript of a recently published volume of fantastic impressions, "The Glamour of Dublin" by D. L. Kay, the writer made a passing reference to the arrival of Padraic Pearse in the other world, as follows: "So, speed thee, daring fellow! Speed thee well! 'A friend?' 'Pass, friend.' The answer given at seraphic gates wherever, east of the moon, the jasper hinges turn." The British censor, omniscient in affairs seraphic as well as terrestrial, proscribed this passage, and the book has appeared without it.

Although it is obviously impossible as yet to secure trustworthy data in regard to book production in Germany during the past year, the statistics for 1917 have recently appeared in a French periodical, *Le Droit d'Auteur*. They show a total of about 15,000 titles for the year—as against 22,000 in 1916 and 35,000 in 1913. In comparing these figures with those for this country and Great Britain, it should be borne in mind that they include pamphlets and other ephemeral publications which American and British publishers do not count as "books." Nevertheless, considering the conditions that have prevailed, the showing is a most remarkable one. It is interesting to note that of the 278 foreign works translated and published in Germany during 1917, sixty-one are of English and fifty-five of French origin.

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Art

Commercialized Design

EVERY art student, every art master, every artist, every manufacturer knows how ill-equipped are our industrial art schools, with a few exceptions, for the training of designers and craftsmen. They all realize as well the small practical use to which directors and curators, again with few exceptions, devote their museums and galleries. A museum should cater for the artist, and in our museums the artist is usually the last person considered. It might therefore be thought a step in the right direction when the Metropolitan opens, in two of its galleries, an "Exhibition of Work by Manufacturers and Designers."

The chief end of the exhibition, according to the Metropolitan announcement, is to prove the value of "the Museum as a laboratory," which is exactly as it should be. But for the artist to work in a laboratory means something more than to copy what is found there. The chemist might not get very far if, in his laboratory, he went on concocting the same gases or acids only; his concern is to carry his experiments and discoveries further. But if he be content merely to copy the examples he finds, they will lead him nowhere. His business in his laboratory is to study the great achievements, the great methods of the past that he may adapt them to the needs and demands of the present. But to judge by the collection of modern work got together at the Metropolitan, the standard set for the exhibitor has been success in imitation. Here are clever, competent, skilful re-echoes of old models and styles: chests and chairs, tapestries and stuffs, that might have come out of Italy or France or England in the centuries when artists believed that something more than copying was expected of them and had enough interest in their work to originate designs for themselves. There are even copies so clever that not only the good design is reproduced but the signs of age with which time has marked the model. Of original work, however, there is next to nothing. Louis C. Tiffany, in the "Favrile" glass we have now long known, if he has not surpassed earlier craftsmen, has at least worked out new qualities in his medium. Here and there a sense of color has led to individual schemes, as in Helma Boeker's scarfs. But these are the exceptions. The rule is preference for imitation which seems to reach the height of inappropriateness in a sham Gothic chest like a bit of an old *prie-dieu* or choir stall, contrived to hold the most typical of modern inventions—a phonograph.

The Museum authorities may have wished to demonstrate "the practical or trade value of an art museum." Unfortunately they seem to have forgotten that this value comes from the designer and the craftsman, not from the manufacturer and the shopkeeper, and the result is less a designers' than a manufacturers' exhibition. They do not condescend to provide a catalogue, a fashion too prevalent in our public institutions, and the cards on the various exhibits give the names less often of artists than of popular firms from Fifth avenue or Chestnut Street or other familiar thoroughfares. Now, when more than thirty years ago at a period as unpromising as ours, William Morris founded the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society in London, he realized that it was a serious mistake to ignore the designer and craftsman and to recognize only the maker and seller, who, without the designer and craftsman, could not exist. Morris's most vital innovation was to insist that the names of the designer of the work shown and the craftsman who executed it should figure as prominently in the catalogue as the name of the individual or firm who happened to exhibit it. Credit was to go where credit belonged, for in recognition he believed the craftsman would find not only his rights, but new stimulus and fresh inspiration. If the English Arts and Crafts Society has often encouraged fads and self-conscious eccentricities, it has also proved an influence for good in the development of the decorative and industrial arts in England. But so far as this country is concerned, William Morris and his society have labored in vain. The Metropolitan prefers to return to the old methods so stultifying for the artist and to reserve its patronage for the manufacturer and the shopkeeper. In the case of only a few exhibits sent by the big houses has the existence of the designer or the craftsman been remembered, and then, presumably, because he is a member of the firm exhibiting or bears its name. It is a welcome relief to come upon the reproduction of a Bengal rug duly attributed to Georgette C. Louzier and the copy of mediæval tapestry with the name of Lorenz Kreiser attached. As a rule, it is Altman and Co., Caldwell and Co., Tiffany and Co., the Grand Rapids Furniture Co., the Rookwood Pottery Co., and so on, who receive the credit. Indeed, the manufacturers and shopkeepers could not have arranged for themselves a better advertisement than the Museum has generously given them.

The disappointment is to find that the Metropolitan, realizing its opportunities, has not understood how to profit by them. Unfortunately, this is characteristic of the prevailing policy in the present crisis. Everyone acknowledges that the country is not prepared to meet the after-war industrial conditions, but no one thinks of remedying the evil by consulting the artist. Salvation is hoped for through the manufacturer, the millionaire, the collector, the amateur, the politician. The director of an art school has even been heard to declare his belief that art is to be saved by the returning disabled soldier, to whom the benevolent offer art as a pastime, in the expectancy of a miracle that shall transform him into the master craftsman. The Metropolitan Museum might have shown the way to better things; it has chosen instead to follow the manufacturer's lead. N. N.

Drama

The Gentile Play

IS it possible to write pure drama? Can an author throw a group of characters together, let their relationships develop as they will, and not "teach a lesson"? It seems not. The failure so to do has been particularly obvious in "The Gentile Wife," a play late of the Vanderbilt Theatre and unattended by Gentile wives. Its author, Rita Wellman, herself of exploring heritage, tells a story of a Jewish biologist wedded to a Christian butterfly who misses her joy in life by allowing herself to become inveigled into living with her husband's parents (and their offspring) for a single summer. The bickering and uncultured atmosphere of the Hebrew home force her (for a moonlit evening) into the philandering arms of an American doctor, subsequently shot by the husband. On the eve of the latter's escape to South America the wife decides not to accompany him, discerning that their love has been founded on nothing deeper than physical attraction and mental incompatibility.

If racial differences do not rise up to obscure the simple clash of individual wills, as they do flagrantly in this play, other distracting elements will appear—disparities of creed, status, vocation, and even temperament—to preoccupy the attention which, says the artist, should not be taken from the characters *per se*. It is no longer possible to have a drama of human beings. One cannot talk of marriage without implicating society; love is inextricably related to physical maladies, a bank account, and scientific cookery; great sorrows and felonies and children imply their causation and explanation in terms not of themselves but of the environment engendering them; no longer is it men against men, but men against groups of men, men against organizations, organizations against themselves. It is the blessing and curse of the time and country in which we live that we are relentlessly compelled to proselyte and are prohibited from dealing in souls in the nude. The complaint

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of the anarchist takes on new dress, and for the next hundred years we are abject slaves of socialism. For the present it seems as if one who can mix a more even proportion of the two will have the better chance of penetrating sluggish minds and evading an impending oblivion. But the roots of our dramatists are buried deep in the office files of our business men; the craft measures its fulfilment in the degree to which it can avoid only its idleness; and our stage is replete with the works of playwrights who think themselves playwriters.

There is nothing to do but tardily admit the case for Bernard Shaw, and awake to the political world around us. The lament of Cardinal Gibbons that personal liberty in the home is being menaced by prohibition, and of certain Congressmen that *laissez faire* is no more, is destined to be nothing more than lament. Government or monopoly ownership is upon us! And so let us take up the cudgels against it, or against unionization, or the self-sufficient modernist in art, or lima beans, or the church. This Rita Wellman seemed to realize when she quoted ethical stanzas at the beginning of her programme and inserted Hebraic diatribes during the acts saying, in effect: Don't marry a Gentile (or a Jew) if you want to be happy. She failed because this was exactly the opposite of what she desired to preach; or if she intended not to proselyte, but to depict, she did not succeed because she was unaware that she cannot do one without the other.

There will come a time when the argument against the pure proselyter will have to be put even more vigorously than the brief to-day against the man who calls himself an artist; it is to be learned that preaching and painting are eternally married and though one may be spirited away it can never forsake the memory of the other. But hope is yet, for the question of taxing a vicious drama in order to appropriate money for enterprises more vicious has arisen in Congress, the small communities, and the minds of the middle class. The theatre is on their lips. Perhaps it may still come to pass that the Gentile play will be killed off by a force infinitely more powerful than two bodies of truly representative men. Perhaps the theatre will find life only through the valley of death or death itself. When the reorganization of society comes, the present craft may not be listened to; and a need will arise for creators who speak, not of chastity and crime, of embroilments and romance, of dining and bedrooms, but of the clean air of the open fields, of simple pleasures and earnest work and play. Then the demand for playwriters will be great, and the persons capable of meeting it few. For this reason the youth in Rita Wellman must be cherished. When Russia can neglect and laugh at "Mrs. Warren's Profession" for being insipid while the English are being shocked by the same lines, it is high time we were quickened to the seriousness of our very real lack of writers using the medium that is to be most efficacious in propagating ideas.

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Finance

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PUBLICATION of the Government's figures covering our foreign trade during January discloses a much more extraordinary export excess than had been looked for. Volume of exports reached $623,000,000 which breaks all records. This total exceeded the previous high monthly record shown in January, 1917, by $10,000,000 and is all the more surprising when the continuing restrictions upon shipping facilities are taken into account. Furthermore, the present movement is not explained by any "hurry-up shipments" of war material, for hostilities have ceased and our foreign trade to all intents and purposes is once more upon a peace footing.

Under these circumstances, it is astonishing that the volume of merchandise shipments last month should have exceeded the corresponding total for 1918 by $116,000,000. These very striking figures give interest to the situation which will be encountered after shipping facilities become normal again and the heavy foreign buying incident to the reconstruction of Europe's crippled industries and depleted merchandise stocks is taken into account.

It is also suggestive that, in a month of record exports, the value of our import trade should have reached the lowest January level since 1916. In consequence of this decline in imports at a time when our export trade was phenomenally heavy, the resultant international trade balance—meaning the excess of exports over imports—touched $410,000,000 as compared with the previous January export margin touched in 1917 of $371,531,300. These figures show that our export trade is more prosperous than it ever has been, notwithstanding the continued use by the Government of a large tonnage which in normal times is available for commercial shipments. That the rest of the world owes the United States more than it ever did before, is indicated by the fact that our excess of exports over imports during the three years ending last December exceeded the export excess accumulations in all the previous years of our country's history. This brings us face to face with the pressing problems of the foreign exchanges and suggests the inquiry as to how Europe and our other debtors can settle with the United States for this prodigious indebtedness.

It is evident that payment cannot be made through gold shipments for the reason that Europe has not the gold which it can spare for that purpose. With the United States in possession of more than one-third of the world's gold supply, it is apparent that we have so much of the metal as to make it highly advantageous for us to obtain settlement in some other way. The war has shown that there is such a thing as a nation having more gold than it knows what to do with. In normal times, it might be easy for the nations indebted to us to send raw materials, foodstuffs, and merchandise in payment of our claims. But Europe is scarcely in position to make payment in this way, since it will be some time before her productive facilities are back to the pre-war level.

There is another alternative, however, and this probably will be used effectively. That is to grant generous credits to foreign purchasers of American merchandise. If this does not suffice, there is also the possibility of placing great foreign loans in the United States with the understanding that the proceeds of these bond offerings should be used to pay for material and merchandise purchased here. We have now a banking system that is well adapted for this sort of financing and its rediscount privileges will be utilized to good advantage for just this purpose. The growth of the acceptance system in this country has been remarkable when it is recalled that under the limitations of the National Bank Act no such investment of bank funds was possible.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Bowen, Ray P. The Novels of Ferdinand Fabre. Boston: Gorham Press. $1.25.

McArthur, Peter. The Red Cow and her Friends. Lane. $1.50.

Snyder, Alice D. The Critical Principle of the Reconciliation of Opposites as Employed by Coleridge. University of Michigan.

FICTION

Abbott, Eleanor H. Old-Dad. Dutton. $1.50.

Bailey, H. C. The Highwayman. New edition. Dutton. $1.60.

Bartley, Nalbro. The Bargain True. Small, Maynard. $1.50.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Bellet, Daniel. Le Mépris des Lois et ses Conséquences Sociales. Paris: Flammarion. $1.10.

Calhoun, Arthur W. A Social History of the American Family, Vol. III. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co. $5.

THE WAR

Anonymous. The Diary of a German Soldier. Knopf. $1.50.

Bravetta, Contrammiraglio E. L'Insidia Sottomarina. Milano: Ulrico Hoepli.

Dawson, Coningsby. Living Bayonets. Lane. $1.25.

Lewys, Georges. The "Charmed American." Lane. $1.50.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Campbell, James M. The Second Coming of Christ. Methodist Book Concern. 60 cts.

Kheiralla, Ibrahim G. Behá 'U'lláh: The Glory of God. Chicago: Goodspeed Press.

Kheiralla, I. G. O Christians! Why Do Ye Believe not on Christ? Published by the author.

Rogers, R. W. Heart Messages from the Psalms. Abingdon Press. 50 cts.

Snowden, James H. The Coming of the Lord: Will It Be Premillennial? Macmillan. $1.75.

Whittaker, Thomas. The Neo-Platonists. Putnam. $4.

Znaniecki, Florian. Cultural Reality. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

EDUCATION

Allen, Charles R. The Instructor: The Man and the Job. Lippincott. $1.50.

Gray, H. B. America at School and at Work. London: Nisbet.

Hartog, P. J. Examinations and Their Relation to Culture and Efficiency. London: Constable.

McHale, C. F. Spanish Taught in Spanish. Houghton Mifflin. $1.

Ohlinger, Gustavus. The German Conspiracy in American Education. Doran. $1.25.

Rosenthal, Daniel C., and Chankin, Victor. Grammaire de Conversation et de Lecture Cours Complet. Holt. $1.32.

Transeau, Edgar N. Science of Plant Life. Yonkers: World Book Co. $1.48.

MISCELLANEOUS

Anonymous. Women. Knopf. $1.25.

Calina, Josephine. Scenes of Russian Life. London: Constable.

Gordon, Leon. The Gentlemen Ranker and other plays. Boston: Four Seas Co. $1.50.

Loud, Llewellyn L. Ethnogeography and Archæology of the Wiyot Territory. University of California Press.

Perrier, Edmond. La Vie en action. Paris: Flammarion. $1.10.

Rappoport, Angelo S. Pioneers of the Russian Revolution. Brentano's. $2.25.

Woodhouse, Henry, editor. Official Aero Blue Book and Directory. Century Co. $5.

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